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SONG.

Over the ivory keys,
To and fro, her white hands go,
As over bloom-laden trees
The wand'ring touch of the breeze
Wakes music soft and low.

Flash! radiant fingers of light;
Silver the gloom of the shadowed room;
Sweep with your gleaming tips
Over the white frozen lips,
Till they speak from their tomb.

Smite! smite the white lips of song,
Break on the keys like stormy seas;
Be the flashing spray-notes flung
Like cries from anguish wrung—
Anguish that knows no peace.

O soul of grief! fold hands and cease;
No stormy song can drown thy wrong.
No murm'ring music whisper peace:
Grief such as thine must find release
In silence, not in song.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A Woman's Bravery.

Robert Ellis, almost immediately after his marriage with pretty Mary Blake, had departed with his young wife from his pleasant home in the New England States for the wilds of the far west, which just then was fast becoming the land of promise to all adventurers of every nation. The young couple were accompanied by Robert's sister Kate, who, like the good sister she was, had left all the old friends, and even the luxuries of civilized life, to share with her brother the trials and perils of establishing a new home in the wilderness.

A few months previous Robert had cleared a tract of land in a delightful valley and erected and furnished a rude but strong and comfortable, log house; so that there was very little for the family to do when they reached their destination after days of weary travel, but to settle down quietly to the pursuits of the new life and the new duties which had developed upon them.

A single year produced many changes in the appearance of the new home. Robert was an energetic and enterprising man, and had already begun to reap something of the sure reward for all his toils. The house itself, under the judicious management of his wife, aided by the ready and willing assistance which Kate Ellis was ever anxious to give, had begun to exhibit a pleasant and tasteful appearance. And added to this a few families from New England, beguiled by the beauty and attractiveness of the valley, had settled in the vicinity, a few miles apart, and thus, by mutual visits, many otherwise weary hours were brightened.

One day there came a messenger, in hot haste, saying that a particular friend of Ellis was dying and had expressed a wish to see him. The distance to his friend's house was considerable and Robert knew that he should be obliged to leave his wife and sister alone the greater part of the night and perhaps longer. Both Mary and Kate laughed at the idea of danger because of his absence. Though the nearest neighbor lived a mile away, and succor, in the case of attack, would hardly be possible, yet they all regarded the fact of the isolated situation of their habitation the best reason for security. Still, Robert thought a few words of warning advisable before he started.

"You had better keep as much in the house as possible," he said to them as he mounted his horse. "And I think it will be as well to keep the doors fastened, especially after dark."

"Do not fear," Mary answered "We will be careful. But do not be absent any longer than is absolutely necessary for we shall be anxious about you on that lonely road."

He bade them both goodby, and they stood in the low doorway and watched his retreating form until it was lost among the thick trees; then they entered the house to attend to their usual duties.

The day passed slowly by, and evening set in, with a gloom enhanced by a thick bank of clouds which had gradually overcast the sky, and the mournful soughing of the wind. These signs of an approaching storm filled the two women with anxiety and dread, and gradually the lonesomeness of their situation began to be realized.

Mary Ellis, the more timid of the two at length became so nervous and downcast that Kate, by an effort, conquered her own depression, and endeavored to cheer up her companion. In this she was eventually successful; and the cabin was echoing with the laughter of the two, occasioned by the mirthful reminiscence which Kate was relating when a quick hurried knock at the door put a sudden termination to their merriment.

The two women started to their feet and gazed anxiously into each's faces, both of which had grown pale with apprehension.

Kate was the first to recover herself. Going to the door, she asked in a voice which trembled in spite of all her efforts:

"Who is there, and what do you want?

"Two travelers who have lost their way," answered a voice from without. "Cannot you accommodate us for the night."

"We cannot do so conveniently, "Kate at last managed to articulate. "You must pass on to the next house."

"How far is it?" asked the same voice, after a few moments of hesitation.

"A little more than a mile," replied Kate.

Again there was a slight pause; then the person from without said:

"We cannot go so far to-night. My companion has been thrown from his horse, and may die before we reach there. You must let us in, otherwise his murder—it would be no less—will be on your head. Will you open the door?"

Kate's sympathies were touched. She hesitated a moment, then looked at Mary.

"What shall we do?" she asked shortly.

"I hardly know. I'm afraid to admit them," said Mrs. Ellis.

"But if this man's story concerning his companion should be true! If he died we should never forgive ourselves.

"It would be dreadful! and yet we run a fearful risk," said Mary, looking undecidedly at her sister-in law.

"We must let them in," said Kate, after a moment's thought. "If they mean us harm we will trust to Heaven for protection."

She tried to speak these words bravely but, nevertheless it was with trembling hands she undid the fastenings of the door, opened it and bade the applicants enter. She almost regretted the act when she came to see the two men as they crossed the threshold and the light fell upon them. They were rough looking fellows, even for the backwoods.

AND so you decided to let us in at last? said the more wolfish looking of the two, as he crossed the room and unceremoniously seated himself before the fire.

"Yes, said Kate. "But," she continued, with a quick start, "I thought one of you was injured and nearly helpless?"

Here one of the men appeared to lean heavily upon his companion, who said: "My friend was not so much hurt as I at first supposed. He was somewhat stunned by the fall, but now has nearly recovered with the exception of still being very weak."

Neither Kate nor Mrs. Ellis were quite satisfied with the appearance of the men, and had even begun to discredit the story by means of which they had gained admittance. The man who had pretended to have been hurt would occasionally, when he seemed to forget himself, appear as well and as strong as his companion; and the two women began to feel very anxious, and sometimes cast fearful glances at each other. They were careful not to betray their apprehensions to their guests.

Suddenly one of them asked: "Do you live here alone, young women?"

Kate, to whom the question was more particularly addressed, though startled, managed to answer, quietly: "Oh, no! My brother has been called away on business.

"Will he return to-night?"

"I don't know. He said he should come back as soon as possible. He never *has been* away over night, and I shall expect him at any moment."

Kate Ellis said more than she really believed. It was more than likely that Robert would remain at his friend's house until morning. The violence of the storm and the darkness of the night would make it a hazardous undertaking to set out for his home before dawn. She did not dare to let the strangers know how utterly defenseless they were.

A few moments afterwards, as she passed them with noiseless tread to attend to some household duty, she heard one of the visitors ask of the other, in a low tone, evidently not intended for her ears, "What shall we do with these women if they happen to be troublesome?"

"Oh! this will be the best way to silence them," returned the other, drawing his hand significantly across his throat.

Kate shuddered, and for a moment a deathly faintness came over her. She knew then that all the fears she had entertained were not groundless. But with the knowledge of her own and Mary's peril came the resolution to meet it bravely. She possessed more than ordinary nerve and courage under her quiet demeanor; and mastering her momentary fear she crossed the room to where Mary was preparing a repast for their unwelcome guests.

"Let me make the coffee, Mary," she said, aloud; then in an undertone, added: "Be on your guard; these villains mean to murder us! Do not betray by a sign that we are aware of their purpose. I have a plan by which, if you are brave, we shall escape."

Mary, by a gesture, signified that she comprehended what was required of her; and the heroic women resumed their employment with beating hearts, though outwardly calm and unconcerned.

The rude pine table was covered with a snowy cloth, the plates laid, and in a few moments a tempting repast was placed before the two men, to which they did ample justice.

When the meal was concluded one of the men leaned over and whispered a few words, to which his associate nodded affirmatively. The former then arose and expressed a desire to retire.

This was what Kate was expecting; and placing a lamp in his hand she directed him to the adjoining apartment. The ruffians wished their entertainers a friendly good-night, and, passing into the room, closed the door.

"I don't see what can have come over me, Bill," exclaimed one of them, when they were alone together. "I'm uncommon sleepy!"

"I feel rather dozy myself," said the other. S'posin' we rest awhile before proceeding to business? There's time enough. An hour's snooze will do us good after our long tramp."

"I'm agreeable. Ellis can't get back before daylight, anyway. He'll never suspect anything, for he'll find Sutton dying just as he was told. They'll keep him there as long as possible."

The room was furnished with two good beds in opposite corners. Each of the ruffians staggered to one, and threw himself upon it; and soon they were both sleeping heavily.

Kate and Mary Ellis, who were listening with anxious hearts in the outer room, at length heard the deep breathing of their guests, which told them they were buried in slumber.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Kate. "Now we are safe."

"I cannot feel safe while they are in the house," responded Mary. 'Let us fly at once, Kate. The darkness and storm are safer to encounter than these wretches when they awake!"

"I have a better plan than that," said Kate Ellis, going to a closet and taking out a long clothes-line. "Let us bind them while they sleep! Do not fear, sister; we can do it easily enough. I emptied the contents of the little bottle which Robert brought home last week for your toothache into the coffee. It was a pretty strong dose, too, and may kill them, but it was to save our lives."

"The laudanum!" exclaimed Mary.

"Thank Heaven!" Then we are indeed safe. But how came you to think of it! I never should have dared to do such a thing, for fear of their detecting the taste."

"Fortunately they did not," said Kate. "But we must secure them at once, while the drug is operating."

The brave girl handed Mary a portion of the rope, which she had divided, and, following the example of the other, entered the apartment tenanted by their would be murderers.

The ruffians were completely overpowered by the potent drug which they had unconsciously imbibed, and the task of binding them was a comparatively easy one. Assured now of their escape from the deadly peril which had menaced them, the unusual strength and resolution of the heroic women entirely deserted them, and they sank upon the floor weak and helpless but with happy and thankful hearts.

The hours dragged slowly away. At last the ruffians began to recover from the effects of the narcotic. Great was their surprise and fury when they discovered how completely they had been outwitted—and that by a couple of weak women! Their threats and entreaties were alike unheeded. Their captors had no faith in ther protestations of innocency of any premediated crime, and they at length were forced to become resigned to their fate.

At daybreak Robert Ellis returned. His indignation and astonishment on learning of the events of the night knew no bounds. He clasped the two loved ones to his heart and silently vowed never to leave them to such fearful risk again.

The discomfited ruffians were removed to the nearest jail. They were discovered to be old offenders and soon afterward met a just punishment. It appeared that they had stopped the preceding day at the house of Ellis' dying friend and had undertaken to deliver the message to Robert which had occasioned his departure. Learning by some means that the latter had a large sum of money at his house, the villains conceived the plan of taking advantage of his absence and robbing the farm, which plan happily miscarried, to the great discomfiture of its infamous projectors.

Glasgow.

Though many of us speak of this ancient Scotch city, comparatively few think of it as a place of 600,000 inhabitants. Its growth has, in its rapidity, resembled that of one of our Western cities, for a century ago it had a population of about 40,000. A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaking of this remarkable growth, says: "iron, coal, cotton and the Clyde have made Glasgow. No one who sees the Clyde for the first time as he journeys through Dumfries and Lanark—a tiny stream, scarcely larger than one of our numberless American creeks—could suppose that ere it has run a course of fifty or sixty miles the largest iron steamers in the world would be built upon its banks and launched upon its waters. Fed by mountain streams and deepened by dredges, from the Broomeden downwards, it expands below the Victoria Bridge, into a broad and deep stream, capable of floating the largest war and merchant ships. Unlike most other cities in the United Kingdom, Glasgow does not depend upon a single industry for her prosperity. In woolen manufactures she has hitherto been a competitor with Bradford, and Leeds, and Huddersfield; in cotton with Manchester. No city makes more chemicals, while in ship building neither the Tyne nor the Mersey can come into competition with her. The Clyde, from Govan and Patrick to Dumbarton, with the deafening noise from thousands of clanging hammers, bears witness to the industry which has made Clyde-built iron ships famous all over the world.

Hygiene for Smokers.

The following are Dr. Berthand's precepts and advice to smokers: Never smoke more than three or four pipes or cigars a day and if it is possible, limit yourself to two. It is unwholesome to smoke on an empty stomach or immediately before or after a meal. Whatever be the mode of smoking, direct contact of the tobacco with the *mucus buccalis* (mucous lining of the cheeks) and the teeth must be avoided. Cigars should be smoked in an amber, ivory, or porcelain mouthpiece.

To smoke, by relighting them, portions of cigars that have been extinguished, together with the system of blackened and juicy pipes, constitutes the surest way of being affected by nicotine. Every smoker would do well, if he could rinse his mouth after smoking. *A fortiori* is the same precaution applicable to chewers. For the same reason it would be well to subject pipes and bowls in which tobacco has been burnt, to frequent washings, either with ether or with water mixed with alcohol or vinegar.

It is difficult to choose between the different ways of smoking. I give preference to the cigarette, by reason of its slight quantitative importance and the paper, which interferes with the contact of its contents with the buccal mucous membrane. But to realize all the *desiderata*, it would be necessary to have the *papelito* made of flax thread, and to abstain from the practice which has become the *ne plus ultra* of its kind, retaining the aspiration at the back of the mouth, so as to pour it out of the nostrils afterward.

The premature habit of smoking is certainly hurtful to childhood, and during the adolescent period of organic evolution. The economy cannot but suffer at this period from the narcotic influence, be it never so slight, and from the salvation which is inseparable from this act. All persons cannot smoke with impunity. There are pathological counter indications or idiosyncrasies to this habit that it would be imprudent and culpable to infringe.

Diseases of the lungs, of the heart, chronic affections of the mouth, nose, eyes, throat, and stomach, are the results of the present incompatibilities. The airing of the apartments where smoking has taken place should be well attended to. To sleep in rooms where tobacco smoke exists, slowly constitutes a grave infraction on the elementary laws of hygiene.—*Tribune Medicale.*

Double Windows.

Nothing is more effective to keep out cold than double windows; the layer of air between two panes of glass is a good non-conductor of heat, and can only transmit it from the inside outward by convection, that is, by a circulation of the enclosed air, which will descend along the outer cold window pane and ascend along the inner warm pane. The radiated heat, which, at temperatures below 100 degrees Fahrenheit, is very weak through glass, is of course smaller still through double glass; then the inconvenience of glass becoming covered with frost during cold weather is done away with, if the enclosed air is dry.

Some time ago we communicated a suggestion, made by some builder, to insert two panes of glass, one on the outside and one on the inside of the same frame, having rabbets on both sides; this may do for economy, but is subject to the objection that the inside cannot be cleaned without taking the glass out, and the fact is that in the course of time it will in some way or other get into such a condition as to need cleaning; then when the glasses are so close together, the protection against the outer cold, is less effective than if a greater mass of air is included.

In very cold countries, like Russia, Sweden or Canada, the need of such protection is more felt than with us; but even here it is often adopted in exposed localities when the parties can afford the luxury. Thus all the houses on Brooklyn Heights, enjoying the magnificent view of New York Harbor, and those on Washington Heights, enjoying the view of the Hudson River and the Pallisades, are fully exposed to the strong and cold blasts of the northwest winter winds, and are all provided at the west and north sides with double windows, the absolute necessity of which has become more and more evident for the comfort of the inmates. Such a double window may serve another purpose, and be used as a little greenhouse; when exposed to the sun, the solar heat is stored up in them, and in France some persons grow different plants and even grapes in them in winter.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

Wealth in India.

A Paris paper says: Nothing but ridicule could have attended any attempt on the part of the Prince of Wales to rival the Mohammedan rulers of India in ostentation and magnificence. In the matter of presents alone his munificence would have been surpassed by a single act of favor displayed by one of the former sovereigns of Hindostan. For instance, Jehan Gheer bestowed upon his son, when setting out to take the command of the army in the Deccan, "a sword the scabbard of which was of gold set with stones valued at 100,000 rupees(£10,000); a dagger at £4,000; an elephant and two horses, all their furniture of gold, set with stones," and a state carriage built in imitation of the one sent to the Emperor by King James the I. On his birthday Jehan Gheer was so richly adorned with jewels that Sir Thomas Roe persists that in all his life he "never saw such inestimable wealth together." "The time," he continues, "was spent in bringing his great elephants before him, some of which were lord elephants, had their chains, bells, and furniture of gold and silver, with many gilt banners and flags carried about them, and eight or ten elephants waiting on each of them, clothed in gold, silk and silver. In this manner about twelve companies passed by, most richly adorned, the first having all the plates on his head and breast set with rubies and emeralds, being a beast of wonderful bulk and beauty. They all bowed down before the king, making their reverence very handsome. On one occasion when the King honored his Minister with his company at dinner the roar was revered for a whole mile with silks and velvets sewed together, and the cost of the banquet was estimated at £60,000. On his birthday Jehan Gheer was weighed against seven kind of commodities, such as rupees, jewels, cloths of silk, calicoes, spices, honey, and butter, which were afterwards distributed among the poor. "The scales were of beaten gold, and for more surety there were silk ropes. The beam was covered with plates of gold. The great lords of the nation sat about the throne on rich carpets, expecting the king's coming out. At lenghth he appeared covered with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, He had several strings of them about his neck, arms, wrists and turban, and two or three rings on each finger. His sword, buckler and throne were also covered with precious stones. Among the rest I saw rubies as large as walnuts, and pearls of a prodigious magnitude. He got into one of the scales, sitting on his legs like a tailor." At times the munificence of the Delhi emperors savored of reckless extravagance. A singer having delighted the royal ears, was rewarded his own weight in silver coin, amounting to 6,300 rupees, and with an elephant to carry his treasures to his house. The famous Noormehal, having shot four tigers with the matchlock from the back of an elephant, was presented by the enamored Jehan Gheer with a pair of emerald bracelets valued at £100,000, while one thousand rupees were distributed in charity. The great Akbar surpassed both his predecessors in personal wealth. According to Ferishta, that illustrious potentate numbered his possessions coin silver computed at 100,000,000 rupees; chiolce rubies, one maund or 80 pounds weight; common rubies and other precious stones, 10 maunds; uncoined gold, 70 maunds; uncoined silver 100 maunds; copper pice, 50 billion (four pice 1½d); elephants above 5,000; horses, 10,000; deer 5,000; hunting leopards, over 900, and hawks 500. It is recorded, probably with a good deal of exaggeration, that Akbar's treasures contained: 90,000,000 in silver coin and gems of price, and that on one occasion he filled a tank near Futtehpur Sikri with nine crores of rupees, equivalent to $90,000,000, which were afterward distributed among the needy.

The Influence of Journalism on English Prose.

Intimately connected with the influences that arise from the attitude and temper of the general reader, are certain influences which spring from such prevalent forms and subjects of literature as present themselves to the general writer. The first of these forms, and unquestionably the most constant and pervading in its influence, is now as it was in De Quincey's days, journalism. No one with the slightest knowledge of the subject will pretend that the influence of journalism upon writing is wholly bad. Whatever may have been the case formerly, a standard of excellence which is in some respects really high is usually aimed at, and not seldom reached, in the better class of newspapers. Some appropriateness in the use of words, a rigid avoidance of the more glaring grammatical errors, and a respectable degree of clearness in statement, are expected by the reader, and usually observed by the writer. In these respects therefore, there is no falling off to be complained of, but rather a marked improvement upon past times to be perceived. Yet, as regards the higher excellences of style, it is not possible that the influence of journalism should be good. For it must at any cost be rapid, and rapidity is absolutely incompatible with style. The journalist has as a rule one or two things to do; he has either to give a rapid account of certain facts, or to present a rapid discussion of certain arguments. In either case it becomes a matter of necessity for him to adopt stereotyped phrases and forms of speech which, being ready cut and dried, may abbreviate his labor and leave him as little as possible to invent in his limited time. Now there is nothing more fatal to the attainment of a good style than the habit of using such stereotyped phrases and forms. With the imperiousness natural to all art, style absolutely refuses to avail itself of, or to be found in company with anything that is ready made. The rule must be a leaden one, the mould made for the occasion, and broken after it has passed. Every one who has ever seriously tried to write must be conscious how sorely he has been beset, and how often he has been overcome, by the almost insensible temptation to adopt the current phrases of the day. Bad, however, as the influence of journalism is in this respect, it is perhaps worse in its tendency to sacrifice everything to mere picturesqueness of style (for the word must be thus misused because there is no other. The journalist is bound to be picturesque by the very law of his being. The old phrase, *segnius irritant*, is infinitely truer of pseudo-picturesque style as compared with literature which holds to its proper means of appeal, then it is of literal spectacle as compared with narrative. And the journalist is obliged at any cost *irritare animos*, and that in the least possible time.—*Fortnightly Review.*

"I Abhor Scandal."

No, my dear—goodness be thanked—no person can say that I ever scandalized any one, not even my worst enemy, no matter what he or she may do. I've had chance enough to talk if I had a mind to, as every one in this town knows full well. Of course, living right here in the high street of the town I can't help seeing many queer things, and when our windows are open and the blinds shut in summer time, I can hear them, too. But I never repeat them—I scorn to make mischief. I never lisp a word, except when I get hold of some person like you, my dear, that I know I can trust. And if a body is never to open her mouth among her own intimate friends, why, the world isn't worth living in, is it? But that isn't scandal, you know. I hate and abhor that just as much as you do, and I don't think any one can say I was ever guilty of it in all my life.

But then, as I said before, it isn't for want of the chance. Why, only last evening as ever was, who do you think I saw walking up by here, in the bright moonlight, as brazen as you please, but Miss Lennox and Colonel Parke. Fact, as sure as you sit in that chair! and they were walking close together, and talking so confidential!

I suppose you know all about that disgraceful affair with the school girls? No? My dear, you must really live in the dark! Why, they have been writing a lot of anonymous letters to people here in the town, and the Postmaster suspected what was up at last, and he just kept a quiet outlook and caught some of them putting the letters in. I don't know what Miss Clackett will do. Expel them, I hope; great girls like those have no business to act so!

There's Mrs. Price going by. I suppose she has been down to cheapen a fowl, or get a half-penny or two taken off a joint of meat. She's the stingiest thing, my dear; it would really make your heart ache to hear, of the way she manages and contrives! And there is her husband, one of the richest men in the town, and folks do say that he can't get a decent meal of victuals in his own house. Wouldn't you—

What! going? Can't you stay any longer? Well, do come again very soon, won't you? Good-bye!

Thank goodness, she has gone! I really thought she was going to stay all night. I heard a nice story about her, by the way, last week—how shamefully she treats all her servants! Suppose she thinks I don't know it. I might make mischief enough in her family if I chose. But I abhor scandal.

Lace Manufacture under the Napoleons.

The manufacture of Alencon lace had greatly declined even before the Revolution, and was almost extinct when the patronage of Napoleon restored its prosperity. On his marriage with the Empress Marie Louise, among other orders executed for him was a bed furniture—tester, curtains, coverlet, and pillow-cases, of great beauty and richness. The pattern represented the arms of the empire surrounded by bees. With the fall of Napoleon this manufacture again declined, and, when 1840 attempts were made to revive it, the old workers, who had not been specially trained to it, had passed away, and the new workers could not acquire the art of making the pure Alencon ground. But they made magnificent lace, and Napoleon III. was magnificent in his patronage of the revived manufacture. One flounce worth 22,000 francs, which had taken thirty-six women eighteen months to finish, appeared among the wedding-presents of Eugenie. In 1855 he presented the empress with a dress of reckless extravagance. A singer having delighted the royal ears, was rewarded his own weight in silver coin, amounting to 6,300 rupees, and with an elephant to carry his treasures to his house. The famous Noormehal, having shot four tigers with the matchlock from the back of an elephant, was presented by the enamored Jehan Gheer with a pair of emerald bracelets valued at £100,000, while one thousand rupees were distributed in charity. The great Akbar surpassed both his predecessors in person-

English the Language for Science.

It remains for science to choose some modern and living language, which shall be its vehicle by preference, and in which its literature shall be mainly stored away. M. de Candolle argues that English must be this language. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, French, the language of polite society, began to succeed Latin as the vehicle of scientific communication. It was simple and clear, and the French were the controlling people of the continent in arms, manners and literature, but since then, as De Candolle says, "the scientific center of gravity has advanced from the south toward the north," and the chances are in favor of the English because it is a composite language, containing an equal measure of German and Latin words; it is spoken by a large part of civilized mankind, and it is grammatically simple, clear, strong and flexible. As a compromise tongue between German and Latin, it ought to be the half-way and meeting point of the naturally hostile Latin and German races, while not unattractive to the Slavonic races. As a growing tongue it is sure to outstrip any other in the race for control of numbers of population. English is already spoken, by 100,000,000 persons in collected bodies, and among whom it is the dominant and permanent tongue. German is spoken by scarcely 70,000,000, French by not to exceed 40,000,000, and Spanish and Italian by nearly the same number. In Germany population doubles once in a hundred years; in southern Europe and France, once in one hundred and fifty years; in England, once in fifty years; in the United States and British colonies, once in twetny-five years. A century hence, upon this scale, French, Spanish and Italian together will be spoken, by 200,000,000; German by 125,000,000; English by over 800,000,000, and that the most widely diffused of populations.

Englishmen and German Ladies.

I have seen, says a writer in *Fraser* for January, English gentlemen introduced without due preparation, into strictly German circles, made miserable for a whole evening, and finally driven to the verge of distraction by the gentle persistent attention of the ladies of the house. When he realises that he is being waited upon by these fair damsels the Englishman jumps wildly and apologetically from his chair, stammers confused and bashful excuses, clutches the cups and platters out of the ministering angel's hand, and subsides, red and ruffled, into his seat. He hopes it will not happen again; he devoutly trusts it is over. Bus no; scarcely is his complexion recovering its normal hue, when another lovely being is "staying him" with apples, bringing him butter in a lordly dish or offering sausages at his shrine. Again he bounces out of his seat like an India-rubber ball, again clutches convulsively, apologizes, confounds himself in horrible polyglot inarticulate excuses, and subsides exhausted in his chair. He looks round and sees that all the other men are being waited upon; he perceives that it is "the custom of the country;" that it proceeds, not from the paucity of the servants, but from a plentitude of female devotion. If servants were wanting, then surely the men would wait upon the ladies. He tells himself severely that when at Rome your behavior should be of the strictest Roman type; he reminds himself that the first condition of good breeding is that you should explicitly conform to the usages of the society in which you find yourself, he will submit; but when the third and most beautiful daughter of the house presents him with *Haringslat* his feelings are altogether to much for him and entirely overcome his good resolutions. He goes through the same frantic formula again, with the secret impression that he is making a most abject fool of himself, plunges wildly and despairingly at the comestibles and subsides into a limp and melancholy condition. He is like a china-shop, the girls think, and they hold firmly to the family crockery, and the best glass. "They are dreadfully restless, *die Engländer*," said a young cousin to me; "see how quiet and well-behaved our gentlemen are and wait on their turn." That was all the poor chivalrous young Briton got for his pains. Pains—they were tortures, agonies,

"MY LADY SINGS."

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

All through the day, O happy thrush!
I hear thy music's torrent-gush;
Then comes the blackbird's mellower lute,
And merrily when both are mute
The robin sings:
But when the blue turns golden-pale,
Hist! there's a strange impassioned tale
Told by the Daulian nightingale
With dusky wings.

O magic music, linger still!
Echo from the furze-clad hill
Tosses back with semblance fine
The dreamy ecstasy divine,
And ether rings;
But lo, through windows open wide
To catch the breath of eventide,
Comes lovelier sound than aught beside—
My lady sings.

Some Things that were Not One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago the gin best known was not the cotton-gin.

One hundred years ago there were no Pacific railroad subsidies.

One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines.

One hundred years ago horses which could trot a mile in 2:14 were somewhat scarce.

One hundred years ago there was no fast-mail train between New York and Chicago.

One hundred years ago there were no disputes about the impoliteness of street-car drivers.

One hundred years ago people did not enjoy the inestimable pleasure of growling about gas bills.

One hundred years ago "crooked" whiskey was not known. Our forefathers took theirs straight.

One hundred years ago university boat clubs were entered at pool-sales like fighting-cocks in a pit.

One hundred years ago every young man was not an applicant for a position as clerk or bookkeeper.

One hundred years ago false teeth were not considered preferable to the original grinders.

One hundred years ago time and tide waited for nobody, and now nobody waits for time or tide.

One hundred years ago kerosene lamps did not explode and assist women to shuffle off their mortal coil.

One hundred years ago men did not commit suicide by going up in balloons and coming down without them.

One hundred years ago there was no steam on the canal—even the driver on the tow-path didn't steam up in those days.

One hundred years ago there were no Turkish harems at Salt Lake, and no Ann Elizas suing for the nineteenth part of a divorce.

One hundred years ago England was not very far behind the United States in all that goes to make a nation powerful and progressive.

One hundred years ago a young lady did not lose caste by getting her hands wet in washing or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a washboard.

One hundred years ago the physician who could not draw every form of disease from the system by tapping a vein in the arm, was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago the producer carried his surplus produce to market on his horse, the products being placed in one end of the bag and the jug in the other end.

One hundred years ago our fathers did not light their pipes with matches, but carried fire in their pockets in the shape of a piece of punk, a piece of steel and a flint.

One hundred years ago a public officer or other citizen could not steal enough to make the act respectable and insure the actor a prominent position in the "first circles."

One hundred years ago the condition of the weather on the 1st day of January was not telegraphed all over the continent on the evening of December 31. Things have changed.

One hundred years ago people did not worry about rapid transit and cheap transportation, but threw their bags of grain across the backs of their horses and uncomplainingly "went to mill."

One hundred years ago every man cut his coat according to his cloth—every man was estimated at his real value—shoddy was not known—nobody struck "ile"—and true merit and honest worth were the only grounds for promotion.

One hundred years ago, to tell the truth, people generally died from natural causes, while in our day they step out through steam-boat explosions, railroad smash-ups, hurricanes, circular saws, and in a thousand other ways discovered since the birth of the oldest inhabitant.

Incidents of Life in Paris.

Two well-known Parisians, who are now independent of fortune, but who once were her slaves, stopped a few evenings since in front of the ticket office of the vaudeville; both were embarrassed. One said: "How stupid I am! Would you believe it; I have come out without my purse?" The other replied: "Well, I am in still worse plight; I have jyst paid the last cent I had." The former smiled: "What ungrateful dogs we are! Prosperity has made us forget our old, our best friend—the pawnbroker's shop is round the corner—so both have our watches."

A diner out says that three evenings since he went to dine with some new acquaintances. It was his first invitation to their house. He entered the mansion just as the neighboring clock was striking the hour appointed for dinner time. As he put his foot on the first step of the staircase he heard loud words, screams, tumult—and before he could prick up his ears, down came a tureen of soup, rolling, tumbling bounding, breaking, rattling, clattering, distributing beef tea, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, shin, rags of meat, and fragments of porcelain right and left, front and back. The culinary cyclone past, he, finding himself even unstained, kept up stairs. Dinner was announced soon after he had saluted his hosts. They took seats at the table. The servant brought on a turbot. The husband said to his wife: "My angel, tell our friend the bill of fare!" She—her face wreathed in charming smiles answered: "No, darling, that duty is the host's." He therefore easily said: "Well, I must give you warning that we have adopted the English custom. We never have soup."

His Own Doctor.

A man of high intelligence, well educated, and of vigorous understanding in most things, was nevertheless given to the practice of self-tormenting in regard to the state of his health. He was fairly robust, ate and drank well, slept easily, walked with remarkable energy, was capable of service and had sustained mental labor and of much physical exertion. Unluckily for himself he began to study domestic medicine, and straightway a too active imagination led him to simulate in his own case the symptoms of almost every disease he had happened to read of. He was apopletic, paralytic, rheumatic; he had heart disease, his lungs were affected, his liver was congested; gout threatened him; his vision became enfeebled; obscure sensations alarmed him as to the state of his brain: fevers of one kind or another were perpetually hatching in his system. The man's life became a burden and a misery to him; he half-killed himself with terror, and nearly succeeded in getting paralyzed by a succession of varied and opposing remedies.

At last he was cured. Reading the symptoms of a condition from which it is physiologically impossible that men should suffer, he found to his horror that each particular symptom was distinctly marked in his own case. He went over the ground again and again; each renewed examination only served to bring out the symptoms with more alarming distinctness. Then the affair became too ludicrous; a hearty fit of laughter dissipated not only that particular ailment, but all the rest, and the sufferer was cured.—*English Congregationalist.*

Fighting Rams.

Says a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer: "At certain seasons of the year, rams are apt to develop their combative propensities, and those who keep several of them together often have trouble on account of their injuring each other. It is well known that they always 'back-up' to get a start to butt. Stop their backing-up and you disconcert them entirely. To do this, take a light stick (a piece of broom handle will do), about 2 or 2½ feet long. Sharpen one end and lash the other end securely to his tail: the sharpened end will then draw harmlessly on the ground behind as long as his majesty goes straight ahead about his business; but on the attempt to 'back-up' he is astonished to find an effectual brake in the rear. Don't laugh and call this 'all gammon;' but if you have a butting ram, try it, and the time to laugh will be when you see him jump out sideways, and whirl round and round, trying to inspect the machine, which will keep behind him."

Legends—The Hunchbacked Musicians.

Long ago there lived at Aix-la-Chapelle two musicians both of whom were hunchbacked. But a great difference existed in their faces and characters. Friedel was well looking and almable, a fine musician, for his soul was full of goodness and it found expression through the tones of his violin. But Heinz had ugly red hair and a more ugly temper, and his playing was so unmusical that none ever listened to him for pleasure. Thus it happened that Friedle and his violin were always in demand for all occasions of merry-making and frolic, while Heinz was left unemployed. Now Friedel loved Agatha, the daughter of a rich wine merchant, and she, perceiving his soul and forgetting his deformity, returned his love. All went well with the lovers themselves, but knowing the pride and love of money of the maiden's father, they determined not to speak to him until they should be compelled to do so. At last a very rich suitor desired Agatha for his bride, and obtained her father's consent. Then it was that Friedel was obliged to speak, though with sinking heart. The wine merchant drove him away with harsh words. Poor Friedel, quite distracted, wandered, he knew not whither. It was late when the chilling dews recalled him to his senses and he sought the town. As he approached it strange sounds were in the air and sights more marvellous met his gaze. Daws and all sorts of night-birds were screaming, and above the tops of the houses the broom-riding witches were trooping. And all made their way to the fish-market, or Parwisch, as it was called, in Aix-la-Chapelle. Friedel also went there, and great was his amazement at what he saw. The square was illuminated by little flames in the air, and crowds of female figures were moving about. Then Friedel remembered that this was quarter-day, and the witches were said to hold a pinic on that day in this very square. As he thought of this a woman, who looked very much like the mayoress of the town and seemed to be the leader of the others, advanced to meet him and led him to a table loaded with all kinds of delicacies and delicious beverages. She invited him to eat, and after he had refreshed himself, placed in his hand a violin and asked him to play music for dancing. As soon as the violin sounded, they moved away the tables and seats and prepared to dance. It gave Friedel a weird sensation to perceive that, while all appeared to be busily talking and laughing, no sound reached his ears. Soon the lady-president gave the signal to begin; then the violin of Friedel seemed as if bewitched, for in spite of him it would go quicker and more quickly, and the dancers faster and more swiftly till all was as witch-like as could well be. At length Friedel fell on a seat exhausted, and the lady-president thanked him for his sweet music, and commanded him to claim his reward. Then she whispered words of strange sound above him, and laid her hand on his poor deformed shoulders, and quickly removed the hump from them and placed it in a dish which she instantly closed. As she did this the clocks sounded the hour of one and in a twinkling all vanished and Friedel was alone. Weary and confused, he hastened home and to bed, where for the remainder of the night strange dreams came to him. But in the morning he found the most wonderful part of all to be true. He was straight and comely in form as in face; moreover, a goodly sum of money was in the pocket of his jacket; enough to make him equal to any of the suitors of Agatha. As soon as possible he repaired to the house of the wine merchant, and told him his story under the promise of secresy. Now his reception was quite different from the former one, but it was more the sight of the money that decided the merchant to make Friedel his son-in-law than the loss of the hump. Then were the lovers made happy.

Although this adventure of Friedel's was to be a secret, it escaped in some way, and among others Heinz heard the story. His envy and hatred of Friedel, which had been bitter enough before, were increased, and he reported wicked stories of Friedel and accused him of the most immoral intercourse with the witches. But he secretely determined to attend their picnic on the next quarter-day and try his fortune among them. Now as he came to the fish-market the same scene met his gaze as that which Friedel had beheld, and Heinz advanced boldly, bearing his own violin, and making signs that he was willing to play. The dance was formed but Heinz was so occupied in gazing avariciously at the plate on the table that he forgot his music and played even more discordantly than was his custom. Soon there became a rave, and Heinz believed he was doing so well as to give the witches great pleasure, when they all ran up to him and shook their fists at him. He had also been so unwise as to call by name some wives of the town he thought he recognized. When the lady-president commanded him to kneel he thought it was time to claim a reward, so he seized a large gold drinking cup. The lady gave him so smart a box on the ear that he gladly dropped the cup; she then took from a tightly covered dish the very hump she had taken off the shoulders of Friedel and fastened it on the breast of Heinz. At that instant the clock struck one and he was left alone. Who can describe the rage and despair of Heinz? He added also to his misfortune by foolishly telling the story, and thus became the laughing-stock of the whole city. Only Friedel felt sorry for him, and he, out of his goodness of heart, maintained Heinz comfortably all the rest of his days.

The Ancients on Beauty.

Socrates called beauty a brief tyranny. Plato called it a privilege of nature. Theophrastus, a silent cheat, and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world. Since the time of Esther beauty has had its potent sway and charm and value. Dean Swift proposes to tax female charms, leaving each woman to place a valuation on her own attractions. Lord Bacon said that the best part of beauty is never painted or expressed in a picture; with us the standard of beauty differs *toto cœlo* from the ideal of other countries and races. The Chinese admire black teeth and painted eyelids. On the shores of the Mediterranean great corpulency is preferred. "Hair like wheat," the "honey-colored hair" of Homer is the most affected of late among us. "Brown in shadow, gold in sun," is a beautiful shade, but Elizabeth's bright red hair, "capellid' or," as she called it, was inspiration to sycophant pens in her time, and

The Centre Reporter.

JRED. KURTZ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Apr. 6, 1876.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

The Ohio republicans go for Gov. Hayes for president.

There is no prospect for a reduction of the tax on whisky.

The President has been sick for two days, and received no visitors yesterday. So says a despatch from Washington. We suppose the president would not refuse to receive presents though.

The list of judges of the Centennial Exhibition will not be ready for publication before the opening of the Exhibition. It will number 100, and will embrace gentlemen of the highest authority in all branches.

Thomas Jefferson rode on horseback to Washington, hitched his horse to a rail fence and walked over and was inaugurated; but it wouldn't be safe to try that now, as while he was being sworn in one of his Cabinet officials might steal the horse.

Marsh has returned from Canada, and several gaugers, store-keepers, and other whisky refugees have followed him. It looked for a while as if it would be neccessary for us to annex Canada; but if all the refugees are returning it won't be essential this time.

Gen. Kilpatrick says he will swear that Gen. Butterfield offered him $20,000 to assist in securing the New York collectorship. Is there an honest man under Grant?

In repairing an ice box in Newark, a rats nest was discovered made wholly of fractional currency, amounting to over $100. They are just now discovering many rad's nest about Washington and at other places that have been feathered with greenbacks stolen from the public treasury, amounting to millions. Rats like Belknap, Babcock, Robison, the Grants, have all feathered their nests with greenbacks like the four-legged little vermin mentioned above.

From Marsh's testimony before the impeachment committee the other day, it appears that Clymer labored to quiet the fears of Marsh about a criminal prosecution, instead of exciting them; that Marsh returned to New York satisfied that he could not be proceeded against on account of his testimony before the committee; and that he only resolved upon flight to Canada, on reading in the papers about Grant's determination to have him prosecuted. That seems to dispose of the story raised by the meddlesome scandalmonger, Kiddoo, and flourished around the house so noisily by Blaine, and others, that Clymer desired to frighten Marsh out of the country in Pendleton's interest.

The two articles of impeachment on which the Senate will be asked to try ex-Secretary Belknap were reported to the House on Thursday 30. The counts have been reduced to five from twenty-five, as follows: The first charges Belknap with receiving money corruptly while in office; the second charges bribery, as defined by the statute; the third charges the payment of money to Belknap for continuing corrupt persons in office; the fourth charges him with receiving gifts while in office to influence him corruptly; the fifth charges Belknap with taking money corruptly for the use of himself and others.

Senator Wallace, a few days ago, made a forcible speech in favor of retrenchment. The republicans in the senate do not favor the cutting down of expenditures as proposed by the democratic house, especially on the consular and diplomatic list. The senate by a party vote, clings to the steep figures set by the administration, and the matter will have to go to a conference committee. Mr. Wallace's remarks upon this question commanded the attention of the republican senators, and they feel that the new democratic senator from this state will rank with the ablest on the floor of the senate. The people would prefer seeing the republicans of the senate join hands with the democrats of the house in the system of economy they are endeavoring to inaugurate. Salaries have been too high, and since wages and prices in every thing else are down, salaries should be cut down too.

Schenck's statement before the foreign relations committee yesterday, says the Times of 29, does not, as reported, constitute even a plausible defense. He promises to prove that the evidence given against him is false, and that the witnesses who gave it are of infamous character. If he should accomplish all that, his defense would still be unsatisfactory, since his own version of his connection with the Emma Mine Company is difficult to reconcile with old-fashioned ideas of probity and honor. The onus of the charges against him is that while Minister to England he consented to let his name be used as a director in order to bolster up a shaky company, and that, in payment of this service, he was permitted to carry a large amount of stock, upon which a high rate of dividends was guaranteed to him. Mr. Schenck yesterday admitted that for thirteen months he carried five hundred shares, for which he had not actually paid a cent, and that he received two per cent. a month on this for several months, until he agreed to accept one and a half per cent. a month, which he received regularly thereafter. The original bargain, he testified, was that he should get two per cent. a month on the shares while they should be held by him, and that Park was to take them back at par. That bargain was fraudulent on the face of it. The transaction amounted simply to the payment of twenty-four per cent. per annum on $50,000, or of $12,000 (afterward reduced to $9,000) annually without any property equivalent. To be sure, Schenck says he gave his note, but the owners of good mining stock are not in the habit of selling it for unsecured notes and then guaranteeing twenty-four per cent. dividends upon it. When Schenck owned up to this corrupt bargain he virtually confessed everything, and might as well have entered a formal plea of guilty. If he cannot do better than that he would better, in the language of Judge Slote, T. U. P.—throw up the sponge.

Jenks of Jefferson county Pennsylvania, the mildest member of Congress now in Washington, has succeeded in unearthing more rascality in a shorter time, than any investigator we know of. It is said before he gets through with the Pension Bureau he will leave it in a tolerable healthy condition. There was millions in it for thieves.

THE COUNTY PRINTING.

The above subject has been discussed in the Bellefonte papers, the Republican and the Watchman, during the last six or eight weeks, both papers making mention of the Reporter, yet we have kept silent, not even alluding privately to the subject unless questioned about it. Last week the subject was again discussed in the Watchman, in a lengthy article, over the signature of "Cæsar," in which the Reporter is brought in for a large share of attention. We did not open this discussion, but as all the parties to it have now had their say, justice to ourselves demands that we give a fair and candid statement, using nothing but the official figures as contained in the last Auditor's report, to prove that the lowest and fairest bid for the county printing was put in by the Reporter. See Auditors' report for the year ending January 1876, and find the following sums paid out for county printing:

Meek, Commissioner's blanks	$800 00	
Meek, for advertising	247 60—	$847 60
Kurtz, for advertising...		215 00
Foot " "		194 40
Tuten " "		169 80
Total, 1875		$1426 80

Now let it be borne in mind that the blanks and advertising for 1876 will be about the same as last year, and the letting of that work and the bids for 1876 are the matters in question by the above parties.

In January we were in the Commissioners' office and informed by them that a letting would be had for the blanks, and they at our request showed us copies of the blanks that would be required. For these blanks Mr. Meek for years has been drawing $600 per year, and we considered the work profitable at $350, our regular charges for such work—and which any practical printer, if he is put on oath, will swear it can be done for. We sent in our bid for $350. Mr. Meek put in a bid for $1,050, to print the blanks and do the advertising, which the Commissioners intended and understood, to mean that all the advertising should be done in two papers. But Mr. Meek's bid had this trap in for the Commissioners, "*out of which all advertising was to be paid for that by law was required to be done in two papers.*" The Commissioners knew that the custom and usage in this county and in all counties was to have the advertising in *at least* two papers, while the wording of the law is "one or more," and soon as Mr. Meek had the work awarded him, he went back on them, and claimed that the $1,050 fell to his paper alone—thus appropriating to himself $600 for blanks and pay for cost of advertising in two papers—and the rest of the papers to have nothing, and as we were informed by the Commissioners, with the intention of preventing the Reporter from getting any of the county printing, and in order to draw the $1,050 for the same work which in 1875 he received $847 for—or about $200 above what he received in 1875, for doing the same work. The figures below and above will prove this to any unprejudiced tax-payer. The intentions of the Commissioners were all right, but they were unsuspectingly deceived by Meek into an unfair contract—no contract ever having been made that way in any county anywhere.

We will now refer to several errors made by "Cæsar" in his article. We give "Cæsar" credit for endeavoring to be impartial and fair, but he incautiously failed to give the data due consideration and has thus got wrong in his figuring. We will come to his assistance and analyze the matter fully and so plainly that any tax-payer can understand it. "Cæsar" says:

Mr. P. Gray Meek bid ten hundred and fifty dollars, which bid included the printing of all blanks pertaining to the office and all the advertising and where publication in more than one newspaper was by law required, to pay for the same, at the publisher's prices, the amount to be deducted from the above compensation—the Commissioners reserving the right to designate in what newspaper the same should be published.

We ask "Cæsar" whether Mr. Meek has not become stubborn on the Commissioners' hands about it and interprets his contract differently from what the Commissioners honestly intended it should be? If not, then the Commissioners have made him "come down" just as they should, or annul the contract. The Commissioners are satisfied that he tried the gouge game upon them and the tax-payers. "Cæsar" again says:

Mr. Fred Kurtz bid three hundred and fifty dollars for the job work, without the advertising, and proposed to allow the price of white paper only to the Commissioners for the blanks in the office amounting to about three hundred and fifty dollars.

We saw the blanks on hand, and our impression is that $100 would have paid well for the lot. If there were $350 worth on hand it must have been a six months supply for 1876, yet his contract ended with 1875. Why then did Mr. Meek furnish a supply six months ahead? Was it because he saw a chance thus to force them on the Commissioners at the high rate of $600 per year? We inquired of some of the old Commissioners and they knew nothing of a supply ordered ahead for six months, and if they did, why? We do not think that the Commissioners were guilty of that, it was a game of some one else in order to draw the pay, and a game that was played in like manner the year before.

Can the reader see into this "surplus blanks" game? Where is the law and where the justice that would allow Mr. Meek such high figures for work for six months when our bid proves—and as any printer will testify—that a whole year's supply can be had for $350? When a contract is for a year's blanks, where does an 18 months supply come in under it?

Again "Cæsar" says:

To have accepted the offer of Mr. Kurtz would have been equivalent to fixing the county printing at seven hundred dollars, independent of the extra advertising.

Yes, that valuation of the blanks on hand will serve to smoothe over Mr. Meek's bid, and we are willing that it shall be used to cover it up, but it always throws us back to the question, why does Mr. Meek draw $600—or by *his* interpretation of the contract $800—for work that he knows can be profitably done for $350? That is the question to be answered to the tax-payer.

Lastly, "Cæsar" says:

Now, if we add to this amount the sum of expenditures paid to the newspapers for extra county printing and advertising for the year 1875, to wit, $826.70, which sum it would be reasonable to anticipate, the cost to the county, if the proposal of Mr. Kurtz had been accepted, would be fifteen hundred and twenty-six dollars and seventy cents—over four hundred and seventy-six dollars more than the present contract.

Here is where "Cæsar" gets confused in his calculations. He says our bid would make the printing amount to $1526.70, but he reaches that by counting the blanks on hand $350, and then unjustly *adds the advertising of four papers* ($826.70) to our bid, whereas Meek's contract is only intended to count in two papers! Did "Cæsar" make this misrepresentation willfully?. "Cæsar" will at once see his mistake here, and that he must deduct two papers from his figuring on our bid—he adds about $140 that do not belong there at all.

The Commissioners see and admit that they have been shamefully and designedly imposed upon, both in a catch bid and by a surplus of blanks at an exorbitant price.

The Reporter's exposure of this thing will lead to cheaper blanks next year and the saving of several hundred dollars to the tax-payers, as the Commissioners will keep a look out for catch bids.

With the data below we will drop the subject, and leave an honest people to judge who was the honest and lowest bidder:

Meek's contract for blanks and advertising in two papers as the Commissioners contend	$1,050 00
Add the Berichter's bill	194 40
" Tuten's bill	169 80
Making a total for Meek's bid figured for four papers at	$1414 20
Reporter bid on blanks	$ 350 00
Add Meek's advertising	247 60
" Kurtz's "	215 00
Makes amount of Reporter's bid and two papers the sum of $812 60, or $237 40 less than Meek's bid for blanks and two papers.	
Reporter bid, two papers	$ 812 60
Add Berichter	194 40
" Tuten	169 00
Total	$1,176 00
Makes Reporter bid, including four papers, $228 20 less than Meek's figured upon the same principle	

The matter of blanks on hand if put there honestly would take off $100, and that is a liberal price, as can be established by taking the evidence of the Lock Haven and Clearfield, or Harrisburg printers.

We never asked for the printing of these blanks, but this year and heretofore were invited by the Commissioners to put a bid, yet every time we met this mysterious buggaboo, "blanks on hand" to interfere with any outside bidder, and which served to fasten the work upon the county at a princely sum. Clymer's committee is wanted here.

The whole is a game, tried unsuccessfully, for years, to injure the Reporter, by attempting to rob it of a share of the county printing.

An Erie man has found out how to destroy the effect of storms on the lakes. It is to build a board fence around each lake and thus break the force of the wind. Grant should make this fellow a cabinet officer—he could build a board fence around the administration and keep out the investigators.

"Senator Cameron declined to be wined and dined by his admiring friends in the Pennsylvania Radical Congressional delegation. It was probably because Grant and Blaine and Conkling were to be invited."

So saith an item in one of the Reporter's exchanges. Conkling and Blaine are bad enough indeed, but they have not got so low yet as to admit of Cameron turning up his nose at them. There is not now, and never was, a more corrupt man in the U. S. Senate than the old Winnebago, the plunderer of the poor Indian, the briber of legislators and the man, who, as Secretary of war, was guilty of such enormous swindling operations, that a congress of his own party could not get over passing a resolution of censure upon him.

Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, is placed in an uncomfortable position by the following telegram:

FREMONT, Neb., Mar. 22.

Hiester Clymer, Member of the House of Representatives, D. C.:

Senator Hitchcock testified falsely. He promised me the sutlership at Fort Steele for my vote. There is plenty of proof of money being paid in his election.

A. W. TENNANT,
Ex-State Senator.

Congressman Mackey has our thanks for seeds sent.

Probably the President meant well when he inspired the statement a couple of days ago that all was quiet in the Cabinet, and that the relations between himself and Secretary Pierrepont were especially cordial. Still the average mind will fail to understand how this can be so when a direct issue of veracity has been raised between them. Mr. Pierrepont declares that Mr. Grant was in effect the author of that letter to the district-attorneys, and Mr. Grant as emphatically declares that he knew nothing whatever of its preparation. When we recall the circumstances of Mr. Grant's conflict of veracity with President Johnson, we incline to believe that Mr. Pierrepont's version comes nearest to the truth. The situation, then, may be broadly stated to be this: Mr. Grant retains a minister who tacitly calls him a falsifier because he is Mr. Grant, and Mr. Pierrepont sits at the board where he has been given the lie because he is Mr. Pierrepont.—*World.*

BELKNAP'S FATE.

Washington, March 27.—It is pretty accurately understood that the sub committee on impeachment, composed of Knott, Hoar, Hunton and another, are all ready to report the perfected articles of impeachment to-morrow, when the whole committee meets. Then on Wednesday the House will be informed of the readiness of the committee to proceed, and, doubtless, the Senate will resolve itself, on Thursday, into a High Court of Impeachment. There may be a long argument over the constitutional right of the House to impeach and the Senate to sit in judgment upon a private citizen, but lately Secretary of War. The Democratic judiciary committee hold that if a civil officer of the government can rid himself of the political penalty which follows a conviction by impeachment, viz., a life disqualification to hold office, by a simple resignation, the constitutional clause on that subject is practically nugatory. The case has never arisen in this country, but that of Judge Barnard, in New York, it is claimed, rules Belknap's case, though not identical with it. Judge Barnard was impeached during his second term for acts done in his first term, and it is argued that his second term did not operate as a continuance of his office, but was in the position of a separate and distinct office, and, therefore, he should be regarded *quoad* his first term in the light of a private citizen out of office.

THE HARRISBURG CONVENTION.

The Times draws the following picture of Cameron's henchmen who met in state convention last week:

There is something to admire in the quite remarkable Republican Convention held at Harrisburg yesterday, and with it there was much that merits condemnation and some features which invite public contempt. It was a body of rather more than average ability, was manipulated with Napoleonic audacity, was for Hartranft clear down into its boots, was weak in its selection of those who will be accepted as its generals at Cincinnati, and was contemptible in its windy platform that stands out by itself among its kind for incoherent cowardice. As a deliberative body it wasn't even a respectable delusion, but a patent fraud. Its programme from beginning to end was the creation of a caucus, in which even the expressions of districts were insolently disregarded, and the formal ratification of the slate by the so-called convention was an awkward affectation of respect for usages and authority. There were feeble protests outside and one ventured to the surface inside from Chester county, but they were all summarily squelched and the set-up whirled along in its appointed course until the motion for final adjournment was reached.

BABCOCK'S GUILT.

Efforts Made to Steal Documents and Destroy Evidence in the Recent Trial at St. Louis—Damaging Evidence Also Against Belknap.

Washington, March 31.—Clymer's committee took a new tack to-day and developed a startlingly rich vein in the examination of the witness C. S. Bell, an old friend of the President, whose testimony not only covers Belknap with deeper disgrace, but brings Babcock to the surface again, showing that the President, wishing to satisfy himself of the guilt or innocence of General Babcock, sent him to St. Louis to ascertain what he could on the subject. Babcock and Luckey, knowing that he was going to St. Louis on that errand, wanted him to steal evidence out of the District Attorney's office in St. Louis. This he did not do, but related Babcock and Luckey's proposition to Mr. Dyer, Bell, through his record as that of a secret service detective, makes such circumstantial statements, in any of which he could be so easily contradicted, that his testimony is generally believed here. It is known that he has not been a voluntary witness here, having lain *perdu* in New York for several weeks, so as to keep out of the way of a subpœna. He was only discovered by sending for his letters, which had been forwarded here. It is stated on good authority that there are documents on file in the Treasury Department which go to corroborate his statement. It is also stated to-night that District Attorney Dyer and ex-Special Counsel Henderson have been communicated with, and that they corroborate Bell's strange story. Babcock and Luckey indignantly deny the witness' statements. It is expected that they will have an opportunity to do so before the committee under oath.

ROBESON'S FINANCIERING.

Both Secretary Robeson and the President are implicated in the latest scandal. The charge has often been made that Robeson advanced a large sum of money on navy account to Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., the London branch of the great American house of Jay Cooke & Co., after the failure of the latter on the 18th of September 1873, and the consequent panic. Recent investigations seem to confirm these charges, and to place the whole matter in rather a worse light than before. The House committee engaged in investigating the District real estate pool have obtained possession of one hundred and thirty telegrams which passed between Robeson, Cattell, the Secretary of the Treasury and President Grant during the eventful month of September, 1873. Many of these are in cypher and not all have been translated. A few of them have leaked out, and they tend very strongly to confirm the charges. Robeson, from New York and Long Branch, sent telegrams to acting Secretary Reynolds couched in urgent language. Here is a verbatim copy of one dated September 16:

Give requisition in favor of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co. for $1,000,000 for foreign account out of pay of navy.

GEORGE M. ROBESON.

Payment was stopped on this by the Treasury through the refusal of Spinner, it is said, to let the money be sent.

The following also addressed to the acting Secretary, dated September 23, shows how determined Robeson was that the money should be transmitted:

Telegraphed you to-day to give Cutler requisition for $500,000. Give him another for $1,000,000 in addition. Make special. Go in person to Secretary of Treasury and ask him to put through by telegraph; act promptly. Answer to No. 29 Broadway.

GEORGE M. ROBESON, Secretary.

The correspondence intervening between these includes several dispatches from one Bradford, an agent of the Syndicate in London, who telegraphs, in one of them, that "any action crushing house (that is, the house of Cook, McCulloch & Co. by refusing to send them money), most unwise for government interest." This dispatch from Robeson to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated September 24, clearly connects Grant with the transaction:

Your telegram received; thanks for your promptness. Have seen the President last night, and by his direction I will draw for a million more to-morrow. Please make special and credit Cutler by telegraph to Sub Treasury as soon as requisitions reach Treasury. What is done should be done to-day. Will use only what is needed and refund rest.

This extraordinary correspondence shows pretty conclusively that Robeson and Grant tried to bolster up a breaking bank by giving it $1,500,000 of government money. The bank, after struggling on a month or two more, did suspend, with $1,799,505,41 due the government. Some of this has since been obtained, and Mr. Robeson claims to hold securities of the firm sufficient to cover the remainder, but whether these securities will pan out sufficiently well to do this is problematical. Mr. Robeson now denies that he transmitted the $1,500,000 mentioned in the above dispatches to Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., but says it was sent to the Paymaster General of the Navy, then in London, who did not deposit any of it with the threatened Jay Cooke house until some time afterward. Supposing this statement true, the fact remains that Robeson ordered it sent in the first place, after evidently getting wind somehow of the coming crash, and that in the end the money was deposited in that shaky concern in time to be swallowed up when it failed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

BELKNAP AND GRANT.

THE PRESIDENT'S UNBOUNDED FAITH IN THE SECRETARY.

Gen. Hazen's Charges Proven After Four Years.

Washington, March 29.—The Clymer committee have received conclusive documentary evidence to show that the President and Secretary of War were officially informed in 1872 that the latter had been charged with receiving a portion of the profits of post-traderships, and that neither paid the slightest attention to the serious charge, though they discussed it in a private conference. The following important letter bearing directly on this point was received to-day from Gen. Hazen, now Colonel of the Sixth Infantry regiment and brevet major-general:

CITY OF MEXICO, March 15, 1876.

To Hon. Hiester Clymer:

DEAR SIR: The papers of the 4th inst., brought me the result of the Belknap investigation. By referring to the proceedings of the House Military Committee of March, 1872, you will find precisely the same information given by me then as that upon which your investigation was founded. Mr. Smalley, the then clerk of that committee, published in the New York Tribune the purport of my evidence, which only referred to the black-mailing of the post-traders and not to the final disposition of the money; but he added to it the presumptive disposition, which is now proven to have been true. The Secretary of War took the newspaper paragraph to the President (as he has since said), remarking: "Mr. President, have you seen the article in the New York Tribune of this morning referring to me?" To which the President replied, "I have, and do not believe one word of it." The Secretary then said, "If you do believe it I am no longer fit to hold a place in your Cabinet." This was the end of the matter, both with the President and Congress, leaving it a question of veracity between the Secretary and myself. I have waited patiently four years, never doubting but I should be finally vindicated, although at times feeling very heavily the weight of the displeasure of those high in power for daring to tell the truth respecting the great outrage upon the army. My object from the first was not only to relieve the army from this outrage, but to obtain the execution of a most excellent law passed in 1866 requiring the Commissary Department to furnish to enlisted men at cost the articles usually furnished them by sutlers. This most admirable arrangement is virtually carried out in all other armies, and would be worth to the enlisted men $2,000,000 annually, and costing nothing but a little extra work to the Commissary Department. This department has opposed the law from the first. * * * * * * *

W. B. HAZEN.

THE BANKRUPTCY LAW.

Mr. Thurman called up the Senate bill to amend the act to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States. He explained that the object of this bill was to put an end to discordant decisions which had made the bankrupt law one thing in one district. The bill amends the bankrupt laws so as to provide that no voluntary assignment by a debtor or debtors of all his or their property heretofore or hereafter made in good faith for the benefit of his or their creditors without creating any preference and valid according to the State where made shall of itself, in the event of his or their creditors being subsequently adjudicated bankrupts in a proceeding of involuntary bankruptcy be a bar to the discharge of such debtors. After discussion, the bill was read a third time and passed without division.

Belknap says, and probably with some show of truth, that the initial steps in the Fort Sill post-tradership business were taken by members of his family without his knowledge. If this be so, the case of the President is morally worse than that of the Secretary of War, for the former furnished is brother Orville with the information necessary to enable him to make money by peddling out post traderships, the President knowing the use his brother was to make of this information. By this, by, when the Republicans were engaged in impeaching Andrew Johnson, how they would have rejoiced to find facts in regard to Johnson and a member of his family like those brought out before Clymer's committee concerning the Grants.

The only place in the country where people have not been compelled, during the past three or four years, to cut down their expenditures as low as possible, and economize in all practicable ways, is Washington. Incomes, salaries, and wages have been largely reduced everywhere else. Rich men have had to retrench; so have clerks, and also the working classes. But the Government functionaries in Washington have been saved from the hard experiences of the rest of the people of the country. Their salaries have been kept up, while the cost of living for them has been going down; and now, when any attempt is made to reduce their incomes, they struggle against it, and complain as if they were badly used. They seem to think that they ought to be a privileged class, whatever happens.

FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

Glasgow, March 28.—To-day the boiler of a locomotive attached to a construction train on the Glasgow and Southwestern Railway exploded. Five persons were killed outright and nine badly injured.

Treasurer New has received a letter from Philadelphia enclosing $433, which the writer said was due for income tax for the years 1870, '71 and '72 and stating that there was a general neglect on the part of the assessors and collectors of that tax in the township in which he lived. He signed himself "Delinquent Taxpayer."

—We would esteem it an especial favor if every friend of the Reporter would send us the name of at least one subscriber, with the Cash—for three months, 50 cents; six months $1,00, and one year $2. Reader, won't you try and do us this little favor, and will repay you by improving the Reporter. Send us the names of six new subscribers, with the Cash, and we will send you the Reporter one year free.

REGISTER'S NOTICES—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 26th day of April A. D. 1876, for confirmation and allowance:

1 The second account of James H. Porter and E. C. Campbell, executors of the last will and testament of John Reesman late of Penn township, deceased.

2 The account of Patrick Loughrey administrator of the estate of Patrick Pearl, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

3 The account of James Harris, Guardian of Eliza Ann Schrock, a minor child of Wm. Schrock late of the boro. of Bellefonte, dec'd.

4 The account of Elizabeth Love and O. K. Love administrator of the estate of John Love late of Potter twp., dec'd.

5 The first and partial account of Aaron Dutweiler, administrator of the estate of Henry Hess late of Haines twp., dec'd.

6 The final account of Jacob Bower jr, administrator of the estate of Samuel Brown late of Haines twp, dec'd.

7 The account of Jeremiah Haines administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Haines late of Miles twp, dec'd.

8 The account of Jacob D. Valentine Guardian of Richard, Famosine, Clifford, and Mary, minor children of Jacob V. Thomas, Bellefonte.

9 The account of John W. Krumrine and Martha Jane Kepler administrators of the estate of Jacob Kepler late of Ferguson twp, Centre co. dec'd.

10 The account of J. R. Leathers and S. B Leathers administrators of the estate of John Leathers late of Howard twp, Centre county, dec'd.

11 The account of John Zeigler and Henry Zeigler executors of the last will and testament of Michael Zeigler late of Haines twp, dec'd.

12 The account of Edward F. Lloyd and Richard Atherton, trustees of the estate of Hardman Philips, dec'd.

13 The account of Edward F. Lloyd and J. P. Montgomery, trustees of estate of Hardman Philips dec'd.

14 The account of Edward F. Lloyd and A. J. Montgomery, trustees of estate of Hardman Philips, dec'd.

15 The account of Robert Gardner, executor of the last will and testament of John Gardner late of Ferguson township dec'd.

16 The account of William Pealer administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Weaver late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

17 The account of John L. Kurtz administrator of the estate of James H. Hinton, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

18 The account of Adam Y. Wagner, administrator of the estate of Thomas Benner, late of Benner twp, dec'd.

19 The first partial account of William Allison, executor of the last will and testament of David Lamb, late of Marion twp, Centre co. dec'd.

20 The account of Josiah H. Brown, Guardian of Clara Lucas, minor daughter of Henry M Lucas, late of Snow Shoe twp, dec'd.

21 The ninth annual account of Daniel Rhoads and John Irvin jr, surviving trustees of the estate of W. A. Thomas, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

22 The account of Adam Yonada and Jacob Hasel, executors of the estate of Philip Yonada, late of Miles twp, dec'd.

23 The account of J. E. Royer, guardian of Charles E. Royer, minor child of John W. Royer, late of Potter township, dec'd.

24 The final account of Peter Ripka, Guardian of the person and estate of Conrad Deckert, minor child of Conrad Deckert, sr., late of Gregg twp. dec'd.

25 The account of S. J. Hering administrator of the estate of Philip Mussur, late of the twp. of Gregg in the county of Centre, dec'd.

26 The partial account of S. J. Hering, B. M. Hering, J. P. Hering and S. G. Shannon, executors of the last will and testament of George Hering, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

27 The account of John Dale, guardian of Sylvester Schlegle, a minor child of Sam'l Schlegle, late of Ferguson township dec'd.

28 The account of Cyrus Wasson administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles, rights and credits of Jacob Etters late of the township of Benner, dec'd

29 The account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed by the Orphans Court of Centre co., to sell the real estate of Daniel and Mary Hastings late of said county dec'd.

W. E. BURCHFIELD,
Register.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable H. Dopp, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 13th day of Apr, A. D., 1876, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of April, being the 23rd day of Apr. 1876, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Apr., in the year of our Lord, 1876, and in the hundredth year of Independence of the United States.

LEVI MUNSON, Sheriff.

MOODY'S SERMON.

Mr. Moody read from Luke, chapter v., the history of the cleansing of the leper by Christ. His discourse was on the subject of "Faith," as suggested by the 20th verse of this chapter, "When he saw their faith." Alluding to the case of the man healed of the palsy, he said:

A little while before this Christ had been driven out of Nazareth in his native town, and had come down to Capernaum to live, and He had begun his ministry, and some mighty miracles had already been wrought in Capernaum. A little while before this one of the officers in King Herod's army had a son who had been restored. Peter's wife's mother, that lay sick with the fever, had been healed, and Mark tells us that the whole city was moved, that they had come to the door of the house where He was sitting, the whole city bringing their sick. It fact, there was a great revival in Capernaum. That is what it was, and it is all it was. The news was spreading far and near. Everybody coming out of Capernaum was taking out tidings of what this mighty preacher was doing, and His mighty miracles, and the people were constantly falling from His lips. And we read in a few verses before this 20th verse that a man full of leprosy had come to Him and said: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" and I want to call your attention to the difference between a man that had the palsy and the man that had the leprosy. The man with the palsy had friends who had faith. The man who had the leprosy had no friends who believed he could be cleansed. There had been no leper cleansed for 800 years, and we read back in the Hebrews of Elisha that there was a leper that was cleansed, but none since that time until now. Here is a leper that has faith and goes right straight to the Son of God himself; and I want to say if there is a poor sinner here to-night that has not any friends that would pray for him, you can go right straight to Jesus himself. You don't need any bishop or priest or potentate to intercede. Right away to Christ came the poor leper. He said, "If Thou will, Thou canst make me clean." There is faith for you. He did not say, like the Jews in the 9th chapter of Mark, "If Thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place; but this leper said, "If Thou will, thou canst do it." It pleased the Lord, and he said, "I will. Be thou clean," and away went the leprosy. He was made well in a minute, and of course this news had gone out of Capernaum, and not only the city was stirred, but the country also, and now we read that they were coming up from all parts of Judea, from Galilee and all the villages, and even from Jerusalem. The news had reached Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and philosophers and wise men were coming up to this northern town to see what this great revival meant. They didn't come up to get a blessing. Like a great many who come to these meetings, they came out of curiosity. They came to see how it was that this man was performing such mighty miracles, and they were told that He was in the house. There they were sitting around the Master, and we are told the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it don't say that they were healed. They didn't think that they were sick and needed a Savior. Like hundreds now that are drawing around them their filthy rags of self-righteousness, they are good enough without salvation, and they just come here to reason out the philosophy of the meeting, and how it is so many people come together night after night to hear this old Gospel, which has been preached 1,800 years.

After giving the history of the healing of the man taken with the palsy, who was "let down through the tiling with his couch, into the midst before Jesus," he continued:

But the word I want to call your attention to is this: "When he saw their faith." There are a great many men in New York that don't have any faith in the Gospel at all. They don't believe in that Bible. There are a great many men in New York who are infidels. There are a great many skeptics. There is one thing that encourages me very much. The Lord can honor our faith, and raise those men. "When He saw their faith." Suppose a man should go to the house of his neighbor, and say, "Come, let us take neighbor Levi to neighbor Peter's house; Christ is there, and we can get him healed;" and the two found they weren't able to carry the man, so they got three, and the three weren't able; so they got the fourth. Now I don't know of anything that would make a man get up quicker than to have four people combining to try to bring him to Christ. Suppose one man call upon him after breakfast; he doesn't think much about it; he has had some one invite him to Christ before. Suppose before dinner the second man comes and says, "I want to lead you to Christ. I want to introduce you to the Son of God." The man has got quite aroused now; perhaps he has never had the subject presented to him by two different men in one day. But the third man has come, and the man has got thoroughly aroused by this time, and he says to himself, "Why I never thought so much about my soul as I have to-day." But before the man gets to bed at night the fourth man has come, and I will guarantee that he won't sleep much that night—four men trying to bring him to Christ. If we can't bring our friends to Christ, let us get others to help us. If four men won't do it, let us add the fifth, and the Lord will see our faith, and the Lord will honor our faith, and we will see them brought to the Son of God. When I was at Nashville during our late war, I was closing the noon prayer-meeting one day and a great strong man came to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter that every night as the sun went down she went down on her knees to pray for him. The sister was 600 miles away, and said the soldier, "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth and it never made me tremble, but, Sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith. It was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer. And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ.

"Let us go out and bring all our friends here, and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. In Philadelphia a skeptic came in, just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the Spirit of God met him, and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing, but he didn't know what Mr. Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him, and that is what we want in these meetings. If we have this power, when we invite our friends here the Lord will meet them and will answer prayer and save them. Let us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer the Lord will save them.

A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor. "What corner is the Building on?"

Attendant. "South-East corner of Sixth and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 180 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the [illegible] elevator to the Inspector's room on the fourth floor."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our flat built for 500, and see! We keep 70 hands all the time cutting up the cloth into garments,—besides 30 machines that do a dozen men's work each, and a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all through that enables us to put our prices down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into Stock it is *tickted*. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 30 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away *just as perfectly as if they were here in person.*"

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir! we have more than twenty, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom-made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its complete stock of all underwear. The Sh

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY APR 6, 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILELAND, Sec't. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 587, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
G. F. HEDLACHER, Sec't. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

Y. M. C. A. of Centre Hall, meets in the basement of the Lutheran church, as follows: DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS, 2nd and 4th Friday evenings of each month. YOUNG MEN'S PRAYER MEETING, 1st and 3rd Friday evenings. BUSINESS MEETINGS, the 5th Friday evening of all months having five Fridays.
M. DEARDINE, President. W. A. KNISE, Secretary.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us Items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—Rev. Fisher will administer the Lord's supper in the Luth. Church, Centre Hall, on Sabbath forenoon 16th.

—Some eight or ten families have moved into Centre Hall this spring, adding considerably to our population, and still there is

"A great big house,
And nobody living in it."

—Daniel S. Boyer, Esq., of Freeburg, has been appointed by Auditor General Temple, bank assessor of the district composed of the counties of Snyder and Centre.

—The Selinsgrove Times says that William Swenk of Laurelton, Union county, bought a mill and farm at Adamsburg, from Jacob Gross and Angeline Rothrock, executors of Dr. Isaac Rothrock, deceased at $9,3000.

—Get the complete Washer, advertised in another column, it is a machine that has no superior.

—These are not flush times, and patched trousers, and turned garments, are the really consistent and natural result. Economical, home-made dresses are now the rule rather than the exception, and serve to show not only the great popular drift, but also the very important part which "Domestic Paper Fashions" sustain in the economy of the household.

—No risk! Buyers run no risk in getting garments at 6th and market streets Philadelphia Wanamaker & Brown cheerfully assume all the risk.

—Read the advertisement of Mr. Herrington, the new druggist at Bellefonte. Mr Herrington has a drug establishment equal to any in the city and understands the business thoroughly, a very important matter to persons getting medicines. Mr. Herrington is a perfect gentlemon in every sense of the word, and deserving a share of the public patronage.

—Mr. D. Brisbin has disposed of his confectionery to Jacob Dinges.—Rain on Monday.—Roads muddy and wet.—Dr. Jacobs, office and residence, one door below the post-office.

SUDDEN DEATH.—David Shadle of Buffalo Run, about three miles from Bellefonte, was found dead in his stable last Friday morning. He had eaten his breakfast apparently as well as usual, and went to the barn to feed his cows. As he did not return, his son Joseph went out to see what detained him and found him dead as above described. He was a man about sixty-five years of age, and had been an industrious, hard-working man all his life.—*Republican.*

ITEMS.—David Meyer has taken possession of the hotel at Aaronsburg, he will keep a good house.....Dan'l Weidensaul, formerly of the Old Fort hotel, has taken possession of the old Stitzer hotel in the Narrows.....Jno. G. Love is on the rad state central committee for Centre county, and P. G. Meek on the democratic committee.....Wm. P. Wilson conducted chairman M'Pherson, of the rad state convention, to his chair. Higher honors await Wm. P.

—The best and most complete machine shops and foundry, in this county, is that of Wm. P. Duncan & Co., Bellefonte. Work done there is complete and without flaw, and at prices lower than generally charged elsewhere. Pennsvally millowners and farmers bear this in mind if you desire solid work.

—George Arney of this place intends reading medicine with Dr. Fisher, at Boalsburg. George is a typo from the Reporter office, and a good school teacher, and will make a worthy disciple of Aesculapius.

"Be loving, said Beecher, and kiss while you pray,
Be watchful, said Bowen—turn scandal away;
Be wealthy, said Babcock, by joining a ring;
Be thieving, said Belknap, for money's the thing."

—Isaac Guggenheimer, of Bellefonte, is just now receiving from the eastern cities the most splendid stock of goods ever kept for sale in that town. Mr. Guggenheimer now does one of the largest trades in Centre county, in dry-goods, lady's goods, notions, clothing, groceries, &c., and is known as the place where you can buy cheap and without imposition. His new stock will embrace every thing belonging to the dry goods and clothing line. He will have a full assortment of carpets at prices to astonish the public. His object is to please and satisfy his numerous customers, and you will never have reason to complain if you buy there.

For the Reporter.

LEONARD-RHONE: *Sir.*—Your article in the Reporter of March 30, is in many parts to the point, but to that point which commences with an "I" and ends with "ie" a very weak point. In the first place, "I am consistent to the tax-payers," as I am allowing a citizen of O. to hold a singing school in the house. The gentleman asked for my consent of the house and I told him to get the consent of the Pres. of the board. He gave his consent, which should have been the consent of the full Board. You say Mr. Spangler saw me, and I gave my consent, and promised to leave the key. He saw me and acknowledged that he would not have the meeting in his own house. And when I tell a man that *if* I leave the key you can have the room *if* you return it clean, I *do not say* you can have it. Yes, Mr. From is a gentleman, and I do not suppose that there was another one there so liberal in that respect, as when Mr. Greve was there to see me for the house. He said himself that he would not like to have it held at that time, as we have lived past that time when school rooms resemble the pig-pen. Now Mr. R when you accuse me of things that I am not the owner of I will tell you a little more. I would like to know who that man is that would sacrifice his own business in behalf of another man's, when there is no necessity for him to do so. It is not only in Potter that you do not fare so well but elsewhere we hear of worse ones.

E. B. HOSTERMAN.

☞Subscribers sending their subscription to this office, can see on the address on each paper, whether credit has been given—that answers same as a receipt.

—THE SPRING TERM OF PENN HAL ACADEMY.—The School will open on Monday, April 17th. Tuition and boarding at reasonable rates. For particulars address the Principal.

REV. D. M. WOLF,
30 mar 3t. Penn Hall, Centre Co.

—The sale of the lots of S. S. Wolf, deceased, has been adjourned to Saturday, April 8, at 1 o'clock upon same terms as heretofore published. 4t

A SPLENDID WORK.—The April number of A. Burdette Smith's World of Fashion, is on our table This is, if possible, more interesting than its predecessors. Besides giving the best executed engravings of the latest fashions, it contains poetry by the best writers and stories that cannot be excelled. So far as we have seen, this is the best work on fashions that is published. The terms are 3.00 per year. Address the publisher at New York.

—Tuesday and Wednesday, 4 and 5, the weather was spring-like.

—Jno. T. Lee, of Centre Hall, is still in the coach, carriage and wagon manufacturing business. He is prepared to fill all orders for buggies, platform spring-wagons or any other vehicles on short notice, and upon the most reasonable terms. All work guaranteed to render satisfaction. Repairing of all kinds done. All orders by mail given prompt attention.

HOW TO GET INTO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The managers of the Centennial Exposition have agreed that the price of admittance to the show shall be 50 cts. and that a half-dollar is to be paid with a 50 cent note, and nothing else. Ten 10-cent notes will not secure your admission, any more than will a $1 note admit two or a $2 note four.

One of the first objections urged against this was, that it would create a corner in 50 cent notes, but this is to be obviated by the fact that there will be thirteen branches of the Centennial National Bank, one at each entrance, where your loose change will be converted into fifty-cent notes.

Persons entering will be obliged to go in single file, the adults, through one gate, children another. As each one enters, their entrance is registered by a turn-stile they pass. There will be receivers at the turn-stile who will decide whether the notes tendered for admission are good or bad, and then drop them into a box. As each notes goes into the box it will register itself, and at night it is expected that the stile and note box registers will agree; if not the receiver will be denounced as crooked. There will also be an entrance for those who have complimentary tickets, and employees.

This singular mode of paying for admission has created considerable comment, but the plan has been tried in other countries, at world's fairs, and is said to have succeeded admirably. There will be no trouble about fifty-cent notes, as there will be plenty of them. The admision paid at the gate will entitle a person to visit all the buildings without additional costs.

A LETTER-CARRIER IN TROUBLE

The Chicago Times of 25 ult, says: A letter-carrier named James Durst has involved himself in very serious trouble which will probably consign him to a long term in the penitentiary. It has been known for some time that both outgoing and incoming letters containing money have never reached their destination, and efforts have been secretly made to detect the party who was robbing the mails. Suspicion finally fastened upon Durst, who has been carrying a mail route on Dearborn street, and on yesterday morning he was arrested by Mr. Hawley. Conclusive evidence of his guilt was found upon his person in the shape of opened letters addressed to different parties and containing money. Durst made no attempt at concealment but confessed his guilt at once He was arraigned before Commissioner Hoyne, during the afternoon, and his bonds were fixed at $3,000, in default of which he was sent to the county jail. He has been in the postal service in this city for six years, and has hitherto borne a good reputation. His thefts have extended over a period of six or eight months at least, and it is thought that the stealings have averaged about $10 per day.

A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR ROBBERY.

Cleveland, April 1.—A special despatch to the Cleveland Plain Dealer from Akron O., this morning says the office of the United States Express Company was robbed last night of a large sum of money. The office of the company is in the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad freight building. The express messenger and clerk sleep up stairs, over the office; and inside stairway leads to the bed room. The parties went to bed at 11 o'clock last night, and before retiring placed an iron bar across the door. The morning the clerk found that the key of the safe had been taken from his pocke during the night. He hurried below, where the safe was found open with the key in the door. The robber had carried off 12,000 in cash and several sealed bags of money. The loss it is thought will amount to $25,000 or $30,000.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for April opens with an illustrated paper, by Lossing, on "The Romance of the Hudson," which takes us up the river as far as the Donder Berg and Anthony's Nose. Professor Lockwood presents the wonders of "The Microscope," and Dr. Osgood the attractions of Dr. Muhlenberg's "St. Johnland," in other illustrated articles. S. S. Conant contributes the eighteenth paper on "The First Century of the Republic Progress of the Fine Arts." Rebecca Harding Davis's first paper, "Old Philadelphia," is also profusely illustrated. George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" increases in interest through the introduction of a young Hebrew lady, who very naturally concludes not to go alone to the bottom of the river, when she can make an excursion on the river with Daniel.

A LOCOMOTIVE BOILER EXPLODES.

Three Men Killed Outright And Another Fatally Hurt.

Tyrone, Pa., March 31.—This morning an engine going up the mountain on the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad blew up near Sandy Ridge. Three men named Miller, Campbell and Shannon were killed and another named Harvey Waters was so badly injured that he cannot recover. All are married men and employees of the railroad.

Philipsburg, Pa., March 31.—A tannery owned by Munson & Hall, and run by W. S. White & Son, was destroyed by fire last night. Only partial loss on machinery.

RECORD YOUR DEEDS.—It is a matter of importance that those having deeds to property shall have them duly recorded. Neglect of it has created much lawing and heavy loss. The title is not safe if you haven't it recorded, even though you have the deed. If a person has a deed for a piece of land and is in actual possession of it, that is notice of ownership until the contrary is shown, but if he is not in possession of it, and his deed is not recorded within six months after its date, and the vendor should sell it to another person who knows nothing about the first deed, the second purchaser would hold it, either by having his deed recorded first or by getting possession of the land. Again, if mortgagees do not have the deed recorded, not being in possession of the property, and judgments should be entered up against the property, and the man who has paid his money and held this unrecorded deed might lose his land. And again, deeds are frequently lost by burning and otherwise, and rendering great trouble and expense necessary in duplicating the deed or perfecting the title. Every good business man sends his title papers to the Recorder's office the first opportunity, and no lawyer or judge will permit any deeds of real estate to be laid away, not even in an iron safe until they have been recorded. Our advice to parties holding old deeds which are not recorded and to all those getting new ones, is to have them recorded at once. Especially is this necessary in towns where fires and robberies are of almost daily occurrence which might and do frequently, sweep away traces of title that are not preserved on the public record.

For the Reporter.

GOOD NIGHT.

Meyer.

Good night; the day is fading,
All nature veils her face,
The pleasant day is ebbing;
Of light there's not a trace.

Good night; the shadows lengthen,
The dew is falling fast,
The bands of darkness strengthen;
The day is spent and past.

Good night; now one star glitters
Among the golden fires;
The swallow homeward twitters,
To sweet aerial choirs.

Good night; our view is passing,
The scenes of earth we love;
No day can here be lasting;
No day but that above.

THE CONTENTS OF A RESERVOIR SUDDENLY LET LOOSE IN A NARROW VALLEY.

Worcester, March 30.—It was hoped today that the danger from the reservoir dam had been averted, but at five p. m. the water was seen bubbling through the dam back of the waste gate house. The stream when first noticed, was not larger than a man's finger. It was at once thought that the dam was going, and alarm was given. The men escaped to the hills, the teams were driven off to places of safety and messengers were sent down through the valley to warn the people that the flood was coming. Soon after four of the embankment gave way until it was all gone and when the earth had all been washed away, a hole appeared in the centre of the wall and gradually increased until with one grand crash the wall crumbled, letting off 240,000,000 gallons of water stored behind. The water rushed down the ravine in a solid mass, twenty feet high whirling and rushing at the same time, and the roar was terrible. First in the line of the sweeping flood was the stone waste gate house. When the flood struck this it tottered, then the keystone of the arch dropped out. A corner of the building next gave way, followed by the wooden roof which was swept onward until drawn into a whirlpool, when it was crushed to match wood and thrown into the air. The gate house was topped over bodily and not even a stone of it has since been seen. Down through a narrow ravine 100 feet wide and one mile long the flood swept on. The sides were gullied, fairly dug out clean in an instant, for fifty feet until the edge of the embankment was almost perpendicular. Through the pine woods on one side of the ravine the water tore and the largest trees were twisted around like straws, pulled up by the roots and carried onward down the decline. The flood tore out everything in the ravine and rushed onward towards the highway below. A large barn was taken up bodily and carried about fifty feet, when it struck a tree and was broken into pieces. Next was George W. Olney's dwelling house, one of the finest in the village. The rushing mass struck this broadside and completely cleaned out the rear and front walls. The ends stood and supported the roof, under which the water poured in a solid stream twenty feet high and thirty wide.

THE CONTINUED DESTRUCTION OF VALUABLE SUGAR CANE PLANTATIONS.

Havana, March 24.—Some persons who have arrived from the country round Colon say that the Government will be unable to save the property in that district from gradual destruction. The raiders have been burning very far this side of Colon, and we are hearing accounts of destruction near Bemba. The fine estates of Sr Ariosa are stated to have been burnt, and administrators of other estates are resigning.

The municipal authorities here are desirous of diminishing as far as they can their personal responsibility in the unpopular work of "distributing" the new taxes, and have called a meeting composed of 54 of the chief taxpayers of the city to confer with them and share these disagreeable duties.

TWO VOTES THAT SPENCER GOT.

Washington, March 28.—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections continued the Spencer investigation today. Benjamin de Lemas of Lowndes county testified that he never saw any money paid by Senator Spencer to any one, but Mr. Whitney gave him $15, and he gave $8 of it to Merriweather, a member from Wilcox county, and kept $7 himself. He did not know that the Wilcox members were opposed to Spencer. Merriweather came to witness and said money was being paid out by Spencer and his friends to members, and he (Merriweather) was going to Selma if money did not come to him. Witness told him he would see he was "fixed." Saw Whitney, who did the talking to Merriweather and gave witness $15, and witness gave $8 to Merriweather. Merriweather voted for Spencer.

FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

Brownsville, March. 27.—The Mexican Government troops, 500 strong, had two successful fights this morning, one with Marango and one with Arsola. Gen. Marango had 250, and Arsola about 40 men. Arsola charged the whole party and got badly whipped. Marango lost about 20 men killed, Arsola 12, and the Government troops 20. The latter brought in about 15 prisoners.

Further news is received concerning the situation at the Black Hills. The rush thither of men and boys continues, and the hotel-keepers and merchants along the route naturally do their best to keep it up It is a Bonanza for them. Meanwhile the Hills are full of men, most of whom seem to be making nothing and many are already destitute. Numbers are working their way back, and the Indians are organizing for a grand movement against the intruders in the early spring. An old miner, returning from the Hills, was asked at Fort Laramie whether there was any gold out there. He replied: "If there's any gold in the Black Hills it is so deep in the bowels of the earth that the men there will never find it. In my opinion, all the gold that will be taken from the Hills will be in the pockets of the storekeepers, who have swooped down on the place like a lot of vultures. This is a magnificent harvest for the hotel-keepers and merchants in Cheyenne and Laramie, and they keep up the excitement." The same letter from which this information is derived adds: "Nearly all who have returned from the Hills seem satisfied that they have wasted time and money." The very fact that they return should be proof enough that they have been disappointed.

RAT-HUNTING SNAKES.

From the Hamilton [Ont.] Spectator.—Some months ago a gentleman from Dumfries paid a visit to a friend of his in the township of Beverly, a Mr. Henry, and remained with him several days. During his visit the Dumfries gentleman complained that his house was literally infested with rats and mice. He had tried every device to get rid of them and all had failed. Mr. Henry, who is as ingenious as he is fond of sport, declared that he would battle the rats out of his friend's cellar in little less than no time, to use his own expression. The next day the two gentlemen drove to the gentleman's house in Dumfries. Mr. Henry took with him a common quarter-gross match-box pierced with a few holes, which he placed carefully under the seat of the buggy The Dumfries gentleman, feeling that his friend was going to give him a surprise, probably with some improvement on a ferret, asked no questions, the better to enjoy the surprise when it did come. Arrived at the house, they had dinner, and, after the ladies had retired, Mr. Henry placed the box on the table and removed the lid. In an instant from the box leaped a full grown garter-snake, measuring three feet and a half in length. The reptile, which was highly excited with the heat, reared itself almost on the extremity of its tail and glided about the table with remarkable rapidity, licking its ghastly jaws with its forked and nimble tongue. The Dumfries gentleman shrank back into the corner almost petrified with horror. When he showed how silly this was by taking the snake upon his arm and handling it much as a hack-driver would his whip-lash. His fears were finally overcome, and when he had composed himself he led his friend into the cellar, where in less than no time he set at liberty. The reptile immediately darted for the wall, and the next moment discovered a hole into which it glided with the greatest ease. An interested terrior stood at their heels, and both gentlemen held clubs, which were trumps just about then. The snake had not disappeared over a minute before half a dozen rats bounced out of the hole and met a terrible fate at the hands of their enemies outside. But the snake was not satisfied; it discovered every rat-hole in the cellar, and glided in and out among the rocks there even a rat could not have gone. It was finally taken up and placed in the box after twenty rats and almost as many mice had been killed. The snake belongs to a black garter family which are in reality the best friends the farmer has got. They live exclusively on field mice, worms, flies and other vermin, and if they occasionally swallow a frog or dine on a couple of young ground birds or accidentally glide across the path of a human being, their lives should be preserved as their good qualities counter-balance these defects. The one possessed by Mr. Henry was captured by him last summer in a pea field, and since he has had it no rats are to be seen or heard of in the neighborhood of his house. The reptile is kept in a box as before stated, and is fed upon liver. Next summer Mr. Henry intends to capture all the snakes he possibly can alive and train them up for the benefit of his neighbors.

CREEPING OF RAILS.—The "creeping" of railroad rails has attracted some attention of late, and, while we do not attempt to explain it, we offer a point on the fact that on lines running north and south the western rail "creeps" faster than the eastern rail—that is, this strange movement of the rail toward the south is more marked in one rail than in the other on the same track. Futhermore, it has been noticed that on such a line the eastern rails wear out the faster. Both of these points, we think, can be explained by the motion of the earth as it turns from the west towards the east. Everything that has free motion is dragged after the whirling globe; every wind that blows and every tide that moves feels the influence, and our train going north or south is pulled ever toward the east, and naturally presses the eastern rail most heavily. The western rail being relieved of its share of weight, "creeps" more freely and quickly. It is also noticed that the wheels that run on the eastern rail wear out the first, and we can but think that this earth motion is the true cause. The practical side of this is that the eastern wheel and rails should be stronger.—*Scientific American.*

WRECKED IN THE ARABIAN SEA PROBABLE LOSS OF MORE THAN 800 LIVES.

London, March 28.—Advices received to-day from India, by mail report that the steamship Jowad, from Shehr, has been wrecked in the Arabian Sea. She had aboard 800 pilgrims, chiefly Persians, bound to Bushire. Three men, who are supposed to be the only survivors, have reached Hodeida.

"The crime of Gen. Belknap," says the Saturday Review, "will perhaps in its consequence affect the Presidential election. A President who had during his term of office been constantly associated with persons of bad character, will have acquired a reputation for bad luck which is almost as conclusive against his claim to reelection as participation in the conduct of his favorites."

The longest night in Norway lasts three months, and when a young man goes to see his girl, her mother, before going to bed, tells her not to ruin her health by sitting up more than two months.

Butler is again a candidate for congress, and if Dana is rejected for minister to England he is the very man to put in the field against him. In intriguing against Dana's confirmation Butler will find that his spirit of revenge has led him into as great a political blunder as any of his military mistakes.

At 9.30 o'clock last night, 1st, a fire broke out in the stable of Michael Dalton, a contractor, at 117 Twenty third avenue, Brooklyn. The flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to rescue all the horses, and nine were burned to death, causing a loss of $1,500. The loss on stable was $500.

The Commissioners of the Centennial "assume" that 700 head of cattle will cover all "straight" entries, and apportion the stalls upon that basis—270 to Shorthorns, 140 to Channel Islands, 70 to Devons, 70 to Holsteins, 70 to Ayrshires, and 70 to other pure breeds. Draught and fat cattle to be admitted irrespective of breed.

In a public address recently, Gov. Bagley, of Michigan, suggested that every citizen of his State who owns a piece of ground, whether in city, village or country, should plant a tree on the 15th day of April this Centennial year. The adoption of this plan throughout the whole country is also suggested as a proper mode of commemorating the commencement of another century.

Law suits are an expensive luxury Gen Babcock's defense is said to have cost him twenty-five thousand dollars—nearly all he is worth, according to his testimony in his late trial.

Governor Hartranft has signed the county salary bill; also the bills making appropriations for an educational display and for a State building at the Centennial.

The House of Representatives committee on judiciary are taking active steps to clear up the mystery that has so long enshrouded the District of Columbia safe burglary.

Governor Irwin of California last Wednesday approved a bill which has just passed the State Legislature punishing wife-beaters with a public whipping.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that on the 20 of March, 1876, I purchased, at Sheriff's Sale the entire house and kitchen furniture, horse, wagon, together with all the personal property of H. C. Beamer, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the said property in any manner.
30 mar 2t. D. C. KELLER.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for License and will make application to the court to grant the same at April term, next.

Fred Smith	Saloon	Bellefonte boro.
Wm. Tolan	Tavern	do
Dan'l Garman	do	do
Jno. Bradley	do	do
Robert Lloyd	do	Philipsburg bor
Richard Hays	do	do
James Passmore	do	do
J. Ramsdale	do	do
Hiram Harris	do	do
J. L. Baumgardner	do	do
Mrs. Kate Garber.	do	Rush township.
Jeffrey Hayes	do	do
Julius Seigworth.	do	Boggs Twp.
Philip Gates	do	Ferguson do
M. L. Leitzel	do	Potter do
Jno G. Uzzle	do	Snow Shoe do
Michael J. Dolan	Saloon	do do
A Baum	wholesale	Bellefonte
Sam Nicholas	saloon	"
W. H. Wilkinson & Co.	Tav	"
Henry Yeager	Saloon	"
J. S. Henry	"	"
John Anderson	"	"
D. Johnson & Sons	Tav.	"
E. Brown	"	"
Isaac Miller	"	"
Chas Brown	wholesale	"
Jas Haywood	Saloon	Philipsburg
S. Freidman	wholesale	"
Robert Taylor	Tavern	"
Peter Weber	Saloon	"
O. W. Whipple	Saloon	College twp
Miller & Eaton	Tavern	Ferguson "
David J. Meyer	"	Haines "
Wm. S. Long	"	" "
John J. Osker	"	Miles "
Jackson Roush	"	" "
S. H. Kunes	"	Liberty "
Elizabeth Kunes	"	" "
Jonathan Kreamer	"	Penn "
Rebecca Musser	"	" "
J. H Odenkirk	"	Potter "
John Spangler	"	" "
Geo. A. Keller	"	Rush "
D. H Buhl	Saloon	Snow Shoe twp
Gotlieb Haag	Tav.	Spring "
H. Robb	"	Walker "
G. W. Hasson	"	Worth "
John Capenheaver	"	Taylor "

30 mar 3t. A. WILLIAMS, Proth'y.

PUBLIC LETTING.—Bids will be received at the office of the County Commissioners of Centre county, Pa., until Saturday, the 22nd day of April next, at 12 o'clock p. m., of said day, for a new roof and other improvements to be made to the County Jail, the plans and specifications of which can now be seen at this office. The successful bidder will be required to enter into bonds with approved security, conditionally for the faithful performance of the contract. By order of the board,

H. A. MINGLE,
H. HALL,
A. GREGG,
Commissioners.
J. S. BARNHART, Clerk.
mar 23 6t.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE

RE-OPENED!

A NEW THING IN AN OLD PLACE.

The Bellefonte public and the people of the country generally will be pleased to know that the old and well established

DRUG STORE,

late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks' hardware emporium, has been re-opened for business and is being rapidly re-stocked and fitted out with the best and most popular

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

PERFUMERIES,
DYE STUFFS,
NOTIONS,

and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY compounded at all hours

of the day or night, and particular and prompt attention given to the wants of farmers and others who live in the country. Store never closed to those who want medicines or anything in the drug line.

The undersigned hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive the public patonage.

H. M. HERRINGTON,
8 apr 1y. Agent.

It is semi-officially stated that frauds on the United States customs, to the extent of from five to seven million dollars per annum have been perpetrated in San Francisco.

In Vienna it is believed that Servia will not hesitate much longer in declaring war against Turkey, unless Russia interferes to prevent it.

DEATHS.

On 20, in Potter twp, Peter Stiffler, aged 65 years, 10 months and 16 days.

Martin Apt died on 11th day of March, and was buried in the Bellefonte cemetery, and out of the same house on the 25 inst, Mary Stone, (daughter of said Martin Apt) died of consumption, and both were buried in the same grave yard and in the Roman Catholic faith. The old man was about 70 years of age and the daughter about 30. G.

MARRIAGES.

On 22, ult., Mr. Aaron Durst of Potter and Miss Aggie Stover of Aaronsburg.

On the 30th, March, at the Rev. Parsonage, by Rev. Sloat, Mr. Y. Lengle, to Miss Sarah E. Zerby, both of Centre co.

MARKETS.

New York, April 1.—Wheat no 2 Chicago Spring 1 24@1 27; wheat no 2 Milwaukee 1 29½. Rye western 84@86. Corn western mixed 66. Oats western mixed 46@50. Coffee 16@19½. Eggs 16½@17. Sugar fair to good refining 7½@7¾. Petroleum refined 15.

CHICAGO.

Wheat April 1 02½; sel May 1 06¾. Corn sel April 46¾; seller May 48¾. Oats seller April 32¾. Rye seller April 66. Barley sel May 92¾.

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour ex fam 5 75@6 50; high grades 7 00@8 25. Wheat, amber, 1 50@1 53; white 1 55. Corn white 64; yellow 63@65. Oats white 46@50. Petroleum refined 14½@14¾.

MILROY MARKETS, corrected weekly by D. Shelmire,

Clover Seed $8.00 to $8.50.
Beef $6 to $7,00 per 100 lbs.
Corn 45c to 50c.
Rye 65c to 70
Soft Nova Scotia Plaster $8; ground $10 per ton.
White Wheat $1 25 to $1 30.
Red " $1 25 to $1 30.
Barley 70c to 75.
Timothy $2 to 2 50.
Plaster in Stone $7 75 to $8.
Salt 1 40 to 1 50.
Oats 32c to 35c.
Potatoes 25c to 30c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 20 Red 120....Rye 75 Corn ears 40. 45. Oats 35—Barley 90. 70....Cloverseed 5.50.... Potatoes 30 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 6 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents,.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7.00... Nova Scotia plaster $11 50. Caynga plaster $9,00 per 2000 lbs. Shelled corn 45 to 50

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.—The undersigned is now prepared to sell Brick at his kilns at Centre Hall to suit purchasers, at reasonable rates, also to furnish or contract Brickwork. S. S. FARNER.
7 oct y

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

AT

Wolf's Old Stand.

Largest Stock of Goods in the Valley!

One Price! Low Price!

POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand. Look at the figures:

Good Cassimere Suits, $10.00
Good Cassimere Coats, $5.00

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

Remember, we have but one price for everyone.

WM. WOLF.

THE COMPLETE WASHER!

The above cut represents the Complete Washer, fitted to a tub, with the tub cut out to show how it is fastened for use.

OVER 100,000 OF THESE MACHINES ARE IN USE.

The Complete Washer was patented, May 28, 1872, and since its introduction it has proved the

One Thing Needful.

THE COMPLETE WASHER WILL WASH A CARPET OR BED QUILT OR A

Fine Lace Curtain or Collar.

It will wash clean any article that can be washed by hand in half the time and with half the labor. It is

SO DURABLE

that the Manufacturers do not hesitate to Warrant it for Five Years. The Machines are Manufactured by F. ADAMS & CO., at Erie, Pa. *IT WILL*

SAVE ITS COST

in a short time, both in labor and wear of clothing. The machines can be seen at Spangler's Hotel, Centre Hall, Pa.
17 feb. tf

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM RANKIN'S

Drug Store,

(NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)

FRESH AND CHEAP.
Apr. 22

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Ezra D. Brisbin, late of Boalsburg, dec'd. having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
9 mar 6t. Adm'r.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Conser, late of Miles twp, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

SAM'L GRAMLY,
mar 16 6t Administrator.

HARDWARE and STOVES

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.,

(Successors to WILSON & HICKS,)

will sell HARDWARE, STOVES, Saddlery, Coach-makers' Material, Builders Hardware, of all kinds, Paints, Oils, &c. Nails, Iron and Glass a specialty, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Childrens' Carriages, Shovel Plows, Cutting Boxes, etc. We have the best COOK STOVES and RANGES in the Market, and warrant them to be good. We keep all repairs for same, and will sell lower than elsewhere. Any one in this county, building, or dealing in this line of goods, will pay them to come and see us.

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Don't Buy
A
HARD COAL BASE BURNER
HEATING STOVE, until you have examined the

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Best & Handsomest
STOVE IN THE MARKET.
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CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP
IS THE "BEST."

This Soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bathroom, and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers, and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc., from the hands. Manufactured only by
CRAMPTON BROTHERS,
2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 Rutgers Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street, New York.
For sale at Philadelphia, by KOONS & RUOFF, 207 North Delaware Avenue, and by grocers generally, and at Sechler's grocery. Nov 11. 6m.

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CENTRE HALL.

Manufacturer of
Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, &c.

Of every description; running gear for all kinds of vehicles, made to order, and in first class manner. Being a practical mechanic, I would WARRANT ALL WORK to give satisfaction. Repairing promptly attended to at the lowest rates.

Undertaking,

Coffins of all styles made on shortest notice. The business of undertaking attended to in all its branches. Respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. 9 sept y

W. A. CURRY,

Boot & Shoe Maker,
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Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 13 1y

JOHN F. ALEXANDER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity. Consultation in English or German. Has a full line of instruments for extracting teeth. Office and residence in the Luth. parsonage. 27feb tf

C. PECK'S

Coach Manufactory.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of
Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,
All kinds of Reparing done.

"9999" MONEY FOR ALL. Only two Dimes. Only two Dimes. "It is always darkest before day." To any reader who will send 20 cents to us, we will send one box of 9999 which we guarantee will put you in the way to make $20 a month, and not take half your time. Suitable for men or women, boys or girls, and is entirely new. Those who can now secure paying business, and consistant income. This is the "chance of a lifetime," and if you will not embrace it tell your friends, for it is a fortune for some worthy deserving person who needs a helping hand. Not a gift concert, jewelry, or other humbug, but a safe and sure guaranteed business opportunity. Sample box, circulars, &c., &c., are sent at cost, 20 cents only to introduce it, one box free, and none need reply unless they want to make $200 a year clear. Hundreds are making that, and 20 cents and "9999" will show you how its done." Address, HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. Y.

8 DOWN WITH HARD TIMES. 8

Save Money and to do it, buy where you can. Get the best Goods at panic prices. The Great S. S. Dollar Sale, 53 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass., since 1873 has sold goods to 125,000 patrons. It offers every variety of fancy, and Staple Goods, Groceries Books, Cutlery, Glass Ware, &c., at about half price, and sells everything at only one dollar.

First Hands. It buys from manufacturers and importers for cash, and sells at first hands, and as no country dealers ask $2 to $3 for. This is no humbug. We refer by permission to the thousands of satisfactory persons we have given the thousands of articles offered at only $1. We are endorsed by the best papers of Boston, and by 10,000 patrons who use our circulars.

We Can and will sell you goods at less than any other house in this line. We send by express C. O. D., and let you see goods before buying. We want agents everywhere. No risk, no capital needed. Our Price List, which we send free, explains all. Send for our papers, circulars, and lists. We can and

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side:
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din!
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
In thinking, thinking, all day long:
"Oh! could I only trace once more
The field path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

A Chinese Home.

One New-Year I was invited to spend the day with a Chinese tea merchant and his family; and as I was anxious to learn exactly how they observed the festal season, I begged them to make no change either in their festivities or the bill of fare, but to let me be treated just as one of themselves. I had known the old merchant and his sons for some time, but had never met the ladies of his household. There were three of them—*i. e.*, the old gentleman's wife, an unmarried daughter and the newly wedded wife of the eldest. The last, I had heard, was beautiful, but I was not prepared for such a vision of loveliness as met my view, when the tiny footed, gentle-spoken twelve-year-old bride was introduced by her mother-in-law. She was very fair, with eyes bright as diamonds, and her long, jet-black hair, in one heavy braid, was twined with a wreath of natural flowers about the beautifully formed head, and held in place by jeweled pins. She wore earrings, of course, with necklaces, chains, bracelets and rings enough to have constituted quite a respectable fortune in themselves. Her dress was of pale blue silk, very richly embroidered,—all her own work, she told me. The skirt hung in full plaits about her slender figure, and the tight-fitting jacket showed to perfection the exquisitely rounded form, while the loose sleeve, open to the elbow, displayed an arm that might have served as a model for the sculptor. But all this loveliness was only for female eyes, for before entering the sitting-room, where her husband, father and brother-in-law were assembled, she put on the long, loose, outer garment that Chinese ladies always wear when in "full dress." This came below the knee, its sleeves reaching to the tips of her fingers, whilst its loose, flowing style effectually veiled the fairy form, hiding all its symmetry. She had the tiny, pressed feet that the Chinese consider not only beautiful, but necessary to high breeding; and they were encased in the daintiest of satin slippers, embroidered in seed pearls. But finery could not hide the deformity produced by so unnatural a process, nor the awkward limp of the poor little lady as she leaned on the shoulders of her maidens in hobbling from room to room. I asked her if the feet were still painful, and she replied that for the last two or three years a sort of numbness had succeeded the pain, but that formerly, and from her earliest recollection, her sufferings had been so intense that she would gladly have died; and that she had often, in frantic agony, torn off the bandages, and when they were replaced, shrieked and screamed till delirium, for a time, relieved the consciousness of suffering. But after the fifth year the pain gradually became less intolerable, she said, and now she did not think of it much about it, except when the bandages were changed. The the return of the blood to the foot was such torture as language could not describe. Yet in reply to my question on the subject, this gentle girl-wife said it would be cruel in a parent not to press the feet of his daughter, as he thereby shut her out from good society, and made a plebeian of her for life.

The bandages are always applied in early infancy, and before putting them on, all the toes except the first and second are doubled in beneath the soles of the fee. The length of the foot, after undergoing this painful operation, never exceeds five inches, and ordinarily is scarcely three.

The young daughter of my host was a petite maiden of ten, attired in dainty robes of rose-colored satin, embroidered in silver, and her glossy raven hair was disposed in two massive braids, hanging down almost to her tiny feet, twinkling in silver-hued slippers. Chinese maidens wear their braids down, and the "crown of wifehood" is symbolized by the coronet of hair laid for the first time on the top of the head on the marriage-day. Oriental customs always have a meaning.—*St. Nicholas.*

Relics of the Poet Schiller.

Wandering through the Rosenthal, past the beer gardens, where a good band dispenses Strauss waltzes at a very low figure, we come at last to the village of Gohlis, where there is the tiniest house under the shadow of a grand tree and beyond a fence that is altogether too pretentious for the modest cottage within. We ring at a high iron gate, and are admitted by a virgin with a bunch of keys. She takes us at once to the cottage door, as if she was used to that sort of thing, and shows us the way up steep and narrow stairs to the second story. Any man can live on a modest ground floor, and we therefore scorn to look in upon the small rooms that put all their doors together at the foot of the stairs, as if they envied that more fortunate second story. The first floor front under the roof of the cottage, with two windows close together, looking out into the branches of the green trees; a bar-room, with a waxed floor and scanty spread of gaunt furniture; heavy sofas over head, beams that are rather low for such heavy ones; pictures all about the place, those uninteresting pictures in plain, black, funeral frames, such as are so popular in Germany.

A small door on this side of the room opens into a closet under the eaves, a closet you can scarcely stand erect in on its highest side, a closet about big enough for a model pigeon house—there Frederick Schiller slept, and in the larger chamber he wrote his "Hymn to Joy." There certainly couldn't have been joy enough to write a hymn stored on the premises. He had to go outside to get it, this Schiller, who lived in a dovecote and sang of joy. The virgin presents us with a translation of the hymn, "written in this house," and we read how the poet saved a hungry and destitute student of theology from pitching himself into the river. Schiller shared with him his purse, and a few days later relating the incident at a marriage feast, where people are so apt to be liberal, a subscription was raised for the unfortunate student and he was sent clear into the pulpit. "Elated with the success of his humanity," says the preface to the poem, "it is to humanity that Schiller consecrated this ode." The ode has a bacchanalian flavor that ought to inspire any destitute student of theology.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Anecdote of Sir Charles Napier.

Sir Charles James Napier was one of the bravest, one of the most popular, and one of the most successful officers in the British service. A story of his life, if it could be told in whole as he and his wife and his most intimate friends tell it in parts, would be one of the most interesting things ever published. His career in India, for true bravery and well-merited success, is almost without a parellel. He it was who enunciated as his maxim in military matters, never to give way before barbarians, whatever might be the disparity of numbers; and he never did. His soldiers knew that he would never give way; they believed in him; he inspired them with confidence; and as a result, going in determined to win or die, they always won, though often arrayed against more than tenfold their own number. At Meeanee Sir Charles overcame thirty-five thousand Belooches with two thousand men of his own.

The following anecdote of adventure, which illustrates the wonderful nerve and coolness of this distinguished officer, both Sir Charles and his wife were fond of relating. His wife was a loving and lovable woman, kind and gentle, and in every way worthy of her illustrious husband. The incident happened in India:

Sir Charles and Lady Napier were riding one evening, unattended, on the summit of the Mahablesh hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. By-and-by turning to his wife rather suddenly, but yet quietly, he desired her to ride on at full speed to the nearest village and send some people back to the spot where she had left him, and he furthermore bade her not to ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed in silence—wonderful quality in woman—but then she knew her husband. Yet it was no slight trial of courage, as well as of her obedience, for the way was lonely and beset with many possible perils; but she rode boldly and rapidly forward, and gained a village a few miles distant in safety.

The party whom she then despatched and accompanied, met Sir Charles, however, about a mile from the place, following in his lady's track, and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestionable demand.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, first a pair of fiery eyes gleam at them from the jungle, and then the head of a full-grown tiger. He was sure, if they both rode on, that the terrible beast, following the instinct of its nature, would give chase, and he feared if Lady Napier knew the dreadful peril at hand, that she might be so startled as to be unable to make an effort at escape, or at least, that she would not consent to his own judicious plan, and leave him alone with the danger. So he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, with only his hostler-pistols, confronting and controlling the monster with the steady, unflinching glance of his eagle eye, and after a short gaze and a muttering growl, the tiger turned back into the jungle, leaving him free to follow his wife.

Incident of Libby Prison.

While Pickett's division was before Newbern, Gen. Pickett received, by flag of truce, a letter from a gentleman in Boston, accompanied by a package of money containing $2,000, in which the writer stated he had a brother, a Federal officer in the Libby prison; that his brother was a former comrade of Pickett in the Mexican war, and appealed to him by the friendship of their old days to forward the money to his brother. The appeal touched the generous heart of the brave soldier, and he at once dispatched an orderly with the money to the officer. The orderly, tempted by the unusual sight of so much greenbacks, basely deserted to the lines and escaped with the booty. As soon as Pickett heard of the desertion he immediately went to Richmond, and, by mortgage upon his Turkey Island property, succeeded in borrowing $2,000 which he carried to the prisoner with an apology for the delay. The officer, when he learned by what means the general had raised the money, declined to accept one dollar of it; but with that nice sense of honor which distinguished the true Southern gentleman, Gen. Pickett compelled him to do so. The two soldiers then talked over the brave old days of the past, when together they fought under the same flag, and as the conversation ripened into a friendly confidence, the prisoner frankly told the general that his object was to escape, if possible, and that he intended using some of the money he had paid him in the effort. The general checked him at once by telling him that he could not receive his confidence in such a matter. That the money was his own, and that he had a right to do as he pleased, but it would be improper for him to become a party to his plans. He then left. The prisoner did escape. The war ended disastrously to the South, and Gen. Pickett's estate was sold to satisfy the mortgage which he had executed to pay a Federal prisoner in his hands the money which had been stolen from him by the connivance of an enemy.

Charles V. and Antony Fugger.

In the sixteenth century, Charles V. made a considerable loan of Anthony Fugger, at Augsburg, before entering upon his not very successful campaign against the Algerians. When the mighty emperor passed through Augsburg after the unsatisfactory issue of that campaign in 1541, Antony Fugger received and entertained him superbly in his mansion there. The vast salon is still shown in the picturesque and famous old inn of the *Drei Mohren*, into which the splendid financier ushered his imperial guest. In the huge fireplace a pile of faggots of costly easternwood had been built up on two enormous andirons of massive silver, and the banker kneeling on one knee before Cæsar, asked the imperial pleasure as to lighting up the pile. The day was chilly, the hall was immense, and Cæsar graciously admitted that a blaze would be agreeable to him. Upon this Fugger drew from the mysterious recesses of the multifarious garments then worn by people of importance, a roll of papers, being neither more nor less than the imperial bonds for the African loan before mentioned, thrust one end of the roll into the flame of a wax candle, lighted the sandal-wood, and tossed the bonds into the crackling blaze. The courtiers stood aghast with admiration at such unheard of magnificence, feebly paroded in our own times by the elder Baron Rothchild, when he lighted a thousand-franc note and held it near the floor to help a parsimonious French Duke pick up a louis which had rolled under the whist table. The Emperor Charles, who combined in himself a rich vein of Spanish humor with his strong Flemish good sense, rewarded the lavish financier on the spot by making him a count of the holy Roman empire, but added, with a twinkle of his cool gray eyes, the decree that the Fuggers should bear forever in their escutcheon a hand-some pair of "asses' ears."

An Old-Fashioned Business.

Shoemaking is of great antiquity. The instrument for cleaning hides, the shoemaker's bristle added to the yarn and his knife, were, as early as the twelfth century. He was accustomed to hawk his goods, and it is conjectured that there was a separate trade for annexing the soles. The Romans, in classical times, wore cork soles in their shoes, to secure the feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels were not introduced, the Roman ladies who wished to appear taller put plenty of cork under them. The streets of Rome, in the time of Domitian, were blocked up by cobbler's stalls, which he therefore caused to be removed. In the middle ages shoes were cleaned by washing with a sponge, and oil, soap and grease were the substitutes for blacking. Buckles were worn in shoes in the fourteenth century. In an Irish abbey a human skeleton was found with marks of buckles on the shoes. In England they became fashionable many years before the reign of Queen Mary; the laboring people wore them of copper, other persons had them of silver or copper gilt; not long after, shoe-roses came in. Buckles revived before the revolution in 1789, and finally became extinct before the close of the eighteenth century.

An Irish Jury.

Here is a description of the proceedings of an Irish jury which may possibly throw some light on those of other juries. A young man was on trial at the quarter sessions at Tralee for embezzlement. The jury acquitted him, "believing he had committed a mistake." The chairman asked for an explanation. "We believe," said the foreman, "it was all a mistake of the poor man, your worship." "But," rejoined the chairman, "the case was fully proved, gentlemen." "It was," remarked one of the jurors, "his first offense of the kind, your worship." "We did not like to be hard upon the poor fellow," added another juror. "But," replied the chairman, "that will not do for the administration of justice." "Oh, sir," exclaimed a third juror, "do let the poor fellow go now." Of course, under these circumstances, the further detention of the prisoner was impossible, and so the "poor fellow" was accordingly "let go."

Example.

Pause before you follow example. A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water; but his load became the heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one person may hinder another.

AGRICULTURAL.

MAKING HAY A SPECIALTY.—The student of agricultural statistics cannot fail to notice changes in any given locality in the amount and variety of its agricultural productions. Physical causes—embracing modifications of climate, exhaustion of the soil by incessant cropping, insect depredations, &c.—have something to do with this result. Railroad communication exerts a marked influence on the agriculture of any region, stimulating to the increased production of standard crops, and giving rise to the introduction of new crops. Otsego Co., N. Y., which has enjoyed railroad facilities but a few years, is already shipping to the Eastern market considerable quantities of hay, potatoes, apples, and other grass articles, hitherto sparingly produced and consumed at home. Some of our enterprising farmers are discussing the expediency of abandoning the manufacture of butter and cheese—the leading interest in this section—and making the production of hay a specialty. This will pay better as prices now rule than dairying, and less help will be required upon the farm. The only problem to be solved is the possibility of sustaining the fertility of the soil without the aid of barn-yard manures. (1) It is with us a question, practically unsettled, how far the aftermath if left upon the ground will keep the soil in good condition, and supply it with plant food. (2) If the aftermath is not sufficient, what outlay for artificial manures will repair the waste? (3) Foraging upon mown lands in Spring or Fall is highly injurious, but is practiced from necessity in dairying regions where large numbers of cattle are kept. The meadows under this system soon "run out," and need to be plowed and reseeded. In some of the Eastern portions of this State entire farms are kept in the production of grass for hay without any appreciable diminution in yield or apparent impoverishment of the soil. (4) The experiment of making hay the leading crop will soon be tried here, and, I doubt not, successfully.

I believe the growing facilities for communication with the great markets of the seabord will revolutionize the system of agriculture in New York and the New England States in the not distant future. The important staples of butter and cheese will be produced many hundred miles west where now grain and cattle are the staple, and these in turn will be produced in the still more remote West.—[*S. M. Ingalls Otsego Co., N. Y.*

FAILING TO CATCH.—The failure of timothy seed is very often due to an impoverished condition of the soil. All plants after germination are nourished for a short time by the seeds from which they germinated; and the smaller the seed so much the sooner is this source of supply exhausted, and the plant forced to draw on the soil for its nourishment. It follows, then that if the soil is sufficient in nourishment for young plants, they will perish from mere starvation. In a case like this, a liberal application of barnyard manure on the surface of the soil before seeding, is the only thing that will insure a good catch of any variety of grass seed. Another and very frequent cause of the uncertain seeding of grass is drouth. We have what we call good seasons and poor seasons for seeding to grass, which means that in one season a succession of warm refreshing showers after seed time, insures a good catch of grass with ordinary seed, and on the poorest soil; or that a period of dry weather after seed time, reduces the seed bed to the condition of an ashheap. The careless, thriftless farmer is more apt to experience these bad seasons than the good farmer. The remedy for drouth is always a part of the good farmer's plan of operations. Good thorough cultivation before seeding, and rolling immediately after will enable soil to withstand drouth and retain moisture to a great degree. Sow grass seed as early as possible in spring with some grain crop to shade it, and I think no trouble will be experienced from drouth.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

DON'T USE THE HATCHET OR SAW.—Of all the blunders, says the *Gardener's Monthly*, that the common farmer and some others make with trees, none is so common or so hurtful, and which he is so long finding out, and of which he might know so certainly, as the practice of the cutting of lower limbs. All over the country nothing is more common than to see mutilated trees on almost every farm. Big limbs cut off near the body of the tree, and of course rotting to the heart. This is a heart sin against nature. The very limbs necessary to protect the tree against wind and sun, and just where the limbs are needed most, they are cut away. But the greatest injury is the rotting that always takes place when a big limb is sawed off too big to heal over it must rot, and being on the body the rotting goes to the heart and hurts the whole tree. It is common all over the country to see large orchards mutilated in this way. We often see holes in the trees where big limbs have been cut away, where squirrels and even raccoons could crawl in. Perhaps the only reason these trimmers would give is that the lower limbs were easiest got at, and some would say they wanted to raise a crop under the tree.

PRESERVING MANURE.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* states that the sources of loss in the storage are two: First, the escape of volatile ammonia and other gases; and, secondly, the loss of valuable salts by leaching. The first difficulty may be obviated by covering the droppings with eight or ten inches of good soil or loam, which will absorb all escaping gases. A bushel or so of plaster may be advantageously scattered over the heap before the soil is thrown on. The whole mass should be perfectly covered, leaving no "chimney" for gaseous exudation. The danger of leaching may be avoided by covering the heap with hay or straw sufficiently thick to shed off the rain. If kept in this way a sufficient time the manure will undergo a spontaneous decomposition, the products of which will be ready for immediate assimilation by plants. The usual process in vogue among farmers is carting manure to the fields in the autumn, where it wastes, in the way shown above, some of its most valuable constituents.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.—It is worth while for all farmers everywhere to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse who lays his ears back, and looks lightning when anyone approaches him, is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is waste of grain.

That overfed hens won't lay eggs.

That educating children properly is money lent at 100 per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging about country taverns.

ON THE CULTURE OF CABBAGE.—The question is of frequent occurrence—why cannot private families have head cabbage as early as the market gardener? Simply because of the imperfect culture and insufficient manuring. The market gardener feeds his cabbage crop without stint, and with the rankest food; frequently ploughs in the manure in the autumn, turns it up in the spring, and thoroughly incorporates it with the soil—plants early, cultivates deeply, not simply tickling the surface with the hand hoe, but uses the plough and the horse hoe; that cannot always be done in the comparatively small family garden, but the spade can be used, and that is the next best thing. Use it freely, dig deeply, and the result will surprise those who have heretofore relied upon the hoe alone.—*Landreth's Reg.*

ARE farmers aware that half a cup of kerosene turned down the throat of their hogs will save them from the hog diphtheria?

—Herr Wachtel is said to have cleared $40,000 by his late operatic engagements in this country, while his manager, Mr. Neuendorf, lost $15,000.

SCIENTIFIC.

A Chinese Roger Bacon.—A Chinese scientist has established at Shanghai a scientific laboratory, which will strongly recall the famous workshop of Roger Bacon. With an extraordinary energy, in the possession of which he seems to differ greatly from the generality of his compatriots, this wise Celestial, after purchasing the apparatus merely, has taught himself photography. He has likwise studied medicine with a European doctor, and invented a new, and it is said very efficacious, antidote for the opium habit. In his laboratory are electric bells, a printing press, and a large variety of ingenious philosophical apparatus, mainly of his own device and construction. The principal object of his investigations, however, is to find a way of printing Chinese books in movable type. With the aid of the machinery at the Presbyterian mission, he has already begun the manufacture of the matrices or molds for the type, an immense undertaking when it is considered that, for each single sort or variety of character, no less than 6,664 matrices are required. Moreover, there are over 30,000 Chinese characters. Each matrix must be cut from wood and electrotyped. It will require, it is said, fourteen years' work of the mission machinery to make 24,000 different characters. In the six years in which this benefactor of his race has been at work, he has produced 5,000 matrices of little characters and 6,000 of larger ones. With what he has already of small type, he has printed a little volume. He does not expect to live long enough to complete his immense task, and therefore is educating his children to the proper degree of skill in order that they may continue the undertaking.

The Spontaneous Combustion of Coal.—The *Revue Industrielle* says that, out of all the ships laden with cargoes of coal exceeding 500 tons, which sailed from England for regions south of the equator during the first nine months of 1873, and during the similar period in 1874, 23 were destroyed by spontaneous combustion of the coal in the first year, and 50 in the second. These figures indicate 2 per cent of all the vessels in one case and 4 per cent in the other. It appears that the casualties are not imputable to any one class of coal, but to all classes without distinction. The theory which attributes spontaneous combustion to the presence of pyrites, in the coal may explain, up to a certain limit, the increasing number of accidents; because, before the augmented demand of late years existed, it was customary to free the coal more carefully from this impurity than it is at present done. On the other hand, Richter has shown that, for various coals experimented upon, those which contained the most pyrites were not the most exposed to spontaneous combustion. According to him, air is rapidly absorbed by coal, and the smaller the seed so much the sooner is this source of supply exhausted, and the plant forced to draw on the soil for its nourishment. It follows, then that if the soil is sufficient in nourishment for young plants, they will perish from mere starvation. In a case like this, a liberal application of barnyard manure on the surface of the soil before seeding, is the only thing that will insure a good catch of any variety of grass seed. Another and very frequent cause of the uncertain seeding of grass is drouth. We have what we call good seasons and poor seasons for seeding to grass, which means that in one season a succession of warm refreshing showers after seed time, insures a good catch of grass with ordinary seed, and on the poorest soil; or that a period of dry weather after seed time, reduces the seed bed to the condition of an ashheap. The careless, thriftless farmer is more apt to experience these bad seasons than the good farmer. The remedy for drouth is always a part of the good farmer's plan of operations. Good thorough cultivation before seeding, and rolling immediately after will enable soil to withstand drouth and retain moisture to a great degree. Sow grass seed as early as possible in spring with some grain crop to shade it, and I think no trouble will be experienced from drouth.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Solar Researches.—A more careful examination of the surface of the sun has led some of the most eminent astronomers to the conclusion that said surface, even near the centre where neither faculæ nor spots are visible, is not absolutely uniform, but is made up of fleecy clouds, whose outlines are all but inextinguishable, and that, under more painstaking scrutiny, with the most powerful instruments now available for the purpose, numerous faint dots on the white ground are observable, producing the impression of a mottled structure in the clouds.

With high and varying powers, used in favorable moments, the surface of any one of these fleecy patches is resolved into a congeries of small, intensely bright bodies, irregularly distributed, which seem to be suspended in a comparatively dark medium, and whose definiteness of size and outline, although not absolute, is yet striking by contrast with the vagueness of the cloud form, which vagueness is perceived to be due to their aggregation.

The dots referred to are considerable openings, caused by the absence of the white nodules at certain points, and the consequent exposure of the gray medium which forms a background. These dots or openings have been called pores. The diameter of the most conspicuous varies from two to four seconds. The bright nodules are neither uniform in shape nor in brightness. The outline is irregular, but, on the whole, effects an oval or elongated contour. They are called rice grains, or granules, and from them comes by far the largest portion of the sun's light; their area is such that the properly luminous area of the sun is less than one-fifth of the solar surface.

Cinders.—It would appear that the efforts of utilizing cinders for building purposes have not realized the results anticipated, and attempts to burn them have proved unsuccessful, on account of the melting slag which chokes the draft in a short time. It seems from these attempts, that when condensed air is passed over glowing cinders in a furnace, the carbonic oxide formed affords a flame several feet long, suitable for heating boilers, &c., and the experiments, so far as they go, indicate a heating power in the cinders—from which the larger pieces of slag have simply been separated by hand—equal to that of half their weight of coal. A further escape of volatile ammonia and other gases; and, secondly, the loss of valuable salts by leaching. The first difficulty may be obviated by covering the droppings with eight or ten inches of good soil or loam, which will absorb all escaping gases. A bushel or so of plaster may be advantageously scattered over the heap before the soil is thrown on. The whole mass should be perfectly covered, leaving no "chimney" for gaseous exudation. The danger of leaching may be avoided by covering the heap with hay or straw sufficiently thick to shed off the rain. If kept in this way a sufficient time the manure will undergo a spontaneous decomposition, the products of which will be ready for immediate assimilation by plants. The usual process in vogue among farmers is carting manure to the fields in the autumn, where it wastes, in the way shown above, some of its most valuable constituents.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.—It is worth while for all farmers everywhere to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer than purchased in winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse who lays his ears back, and looks lightning when anyone approaches him, is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is waste of grain.

That overfed hens won't lay eggs.

That educating children properly is money lent at 100 per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study is more profitable than ten lounging about country taverns.

ON THE CULTURE OF CABBAGE.—The question is of frequent occurrence—why cannot private families have head cabbage as early as the market gardener? Simply because of the imperfect culture and insufficient manuring. The market gardener feeds his cabbage crop without stint, and with the rankest food; frequently ploughs in the manure in the autumn, turns it up in the spring, and thoroughly incorporates it with the soil—plants early, cultivates deeply, not simply tickling the surface with the hand hoe, but uses the plough and the horse hoe; that cannot always be done in the comparatively small family garden, but the spade can be used, and that is the next best thing. Use it freely, dig deeply, and the result will surprise those who have heretofore relied upon the hoe alone.—*Landreth's Reg.*

ARE farmers aware that half a cup of kerosene turned down the throat of their hogs will save them from the hog diphtheria?

—Herr Wachtel is said to have cleared $40,000 by his late operatic engagements in this country, while his manager, Mr. Neuendorf, lost $15,000.

DOMESTIC.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Not a few men have chapped or cracked hands, these cracks appearing on all parts of the hands, inconvenient, sore and troublesome. Few people have any idea of the cause or causes, and simply regard it as accidental, or worse still, providential. Now there is no accident in this matter, nothing beyond control, if we will but pay the price of exemption. The causes may not be the same in all cases. Generally it will be found that the victims are careless about washing the hands, seldom wiping them dry and exposing them unnecessarily in the cold air. A little care, by way of drying them before going out, might save much trouble and suffering. Again, the free use of *soap* causes at least a part of this cracking and soreness. The soap destroys the natural oil of the skin, which, of course, becomes dry and hard and then cracks, as a natural consequence. If, after the necessary use of soap, or the action of lime on the skin, a little vinegar should be applied, destroying the alkali, a part, at least, of the result mould be avoided. But, after the removal of this oil, and after the use of the vinegar or some other acid, a little oily substance, as glycerine, sweet oil, etc., should be applied, restoring the softness of the skin, this cracking would be reduced.

Still again, the free use of salt has much to do with this condition, producing an inflammatory action nearly allied to the *salt rheum*. But shall we eat no salt? That is not demanded, and yet it is believed that most persons use far more than nature requires for health. A moderate use of it will not produce this cracking of the hands or an unnatural thirst, as excess manifestly does, at least in most if not in all cases.

PUNCH JELLY.—Take two calves' feet, chop them into convenient pieces and put them in a saucepan with rather more than two quarts of water, set the saucepan on the fire; directly the water boils throw it away and wash the pieces of feet carefully, then put them on again with two quarts of cold water, and let them boil slowly for three hours, removing the scum carefully during the process; then strain the liquor into a basin, and when quite cold and set, take off all fat and wash the top of the jelly with hot water so as to get rid of every vestige of fat. Put the jelly in a saucepan on the fire; directly it is melted add sugar to taste, the juice and rind of a lemon, and the whites of three eggs whisked to a froth. Beat up the mixture till it boils. Place the thin rind of a lemon at the bottom of a jelly-bag, and pour the mixture over it. The bag should have been previously rinsed in boiling water; and the first half pint of jelly that comes through must be returned to the bag. If the jelly does not come out quite clear, the operation of straining must be repeated; add sufficient rum to the clarified jelly to flavor it well, pour into a mold and place it on ice to set. At the time of serving dip the mold in hot water and turn out the jelly.

COFFEE A DISINFECTANT.—Numerous experiments with roasted coffee prove that it is a most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of absolutely destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition has been kept for some time may be almost instantly deprived of all smell by placing an open coffee roaster in it containing some newly roasted coffee. We have known of the most disagreeable odors from cesspools completely removed by the employment of a little coffee. The true way to use it for this use is to break the berries into fine particles in a mortar and roast afterward on a smooth surface until it assumes a dark brown tint. Then sprinkle it into drains or place it on a plate in rooms it is desired to disinfect. Coffee, acids or oil act more readily in minute quantities.

WINTER SUCCOTASH.—This may be made with Limas, horticulturals, garden beans or white field beans. The latter are seldom used for succotash, but they make it very nicely. The method of proceeding in each case is the same. Boil the beans without soaking until three-fourths done. In the meantime, put an equal amount (dry) of dried sweet corn with three parts water, and let it steep on the stove for an hour (not without boiling), then add to it the beans, and let them cook together gently until the beans are done. Serve warm, and do not break the beans.

A WOMAN who raised a large family recommends housekeepers to take a good quality of unbleached cotton, run up the breadths for top and lining of quilt, and then color it with any cheap domestic dye, such as japonica, annatto, white oak bark, or any such thing. Quilt them coarsely, and put more cotton batting in than would be needed for ordinary bed quilts. They will wear years longer than ordinary new calico, and are especially to be desired in large families of boys. If desired, outside spreads may be made of more fanciful materials.

KIDNEYS WITH MACCARONI.—Cook two ounces of maccaroni broken into convenient pieces, in boiling water; skin two or three mutton kidneys, remove the fat, and cut them into thin slices; season with salt, cayenne, and finely minced herbs; fry them on both sides in butter; then stew them in half a pint of gravy, well flavored with fresh or canned tomatoes; dish with a layer of the maccaroni over them, the gravy poured over; add pepper, salt, and some grated cheese; brown with salamander.

AN ENGLISH STEW OF COLD ROAST BEEF.—Cut the meat in small and rather thin slices, season them highly with salt and pepper, and dip each lightly in bread-crumbs moistened in gravy or melted butter. Dress them neatly on a dish, and lay over them a thin layer of cut pickles, and moisten the whole with a glassful of pickle vinegar and the preserved gravy of the roast beef; heat in a Dutch oven, and garnish with fried sippets or potato balls.

ROAST TURKEY.—Pluck, singe, draw, wipe thoroughly, and truss a fine turkey, stuff it, pack it up in some thin slices of fat bacon, and over that a sheet of buttered paper, roast before a clear fire, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before it is done remove the paper, and slices of bacon. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Garnish with pork sausages, and serve with a tureen of gravy. Time of roasting two to three hours, according to size.

DOUGHNUTS.—One coffee-cup pulverized sugar, four eggs, two small dessert-spoonfuls melted butter, two cups sweet milk, six teaspoonfuls baking powder that has been mixed with the flour. Use flour enough to roll them, taking care not to make them stiff, as they soon become dry and hard. Cut with a biscuit cutter; then cut from the middle with a smaller cutter, leaving a ring of the dough. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, if liked. Fry in hot lard, turning frequently.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Parboil the oysters in their own liquor, bread them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least bit of cayenne. Let the same boil, add the oysters, and as soon as they are quite hot remove the mace and bay leaf, stir in a few drops of lemon juice and serve.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE—(SUPERIOR.)—One quart rich, sweet cream, four eggs, half package Coxe's gelatine, quarter of a pound powdered sugar. Beat yolks and sugar together. Add whites beaten stiff. Whip the cream light and smooth; flavor with vanilla. Stir all together, and strain in the gelatine thoroughly dissolved. Serve in glass dish; ornament with lady-fingers or macaroons, or pour into a dish lined with sponge cake.

HOW TO PREVENT juice from running out of the pie while baking.—When the pie is prepared and ready for the oven, take a strip of white cloth about an inch and a half wide, dip it in cold water, and place it like a binding around the edge of the paste and the outside of the plate, letting the two ends of the cloth overlap an inch. Remove the cloth when the pie is taken from the oven.

HUMOROUS.

HE WOULDN'T FORGET HER.—He was a wonderfully practical man, says the *Danbury News*, and she was marvellously poetical. To her life had been a dream edged with gold and filled in with the loveliest of roseate hues. But to him had appeared everything in the home-spun garb of every day life. He is a country merchant, and buys his goods in New York. His partner always went to the city on business connected with the grocery, but the partner was recently taken ill, and our extremely practical friend was obliged to go. It was his first visit to the great city, and he was to be gone three days. If was a momentous event to his fond wife. Do the best she could her mind was troubled with forebodings. It is difficult to tell just exactly how he felt, but while it was evident he realized the importance of the step he was about to take, still he never lost sight of the fact that a mighty responsibility was resting on his shoulders, and that all private emotion must be subserved to public interests. His carpet bag was packed, and his hand on the door to pass out of the house, when she bade him good-bye. She put both arms about his neck.

"John," she sobbed, "you are going away."

This was so palpable that it would have been madness to attempt a denial, so he merely observed:

"Look out for my collar, Maria."

"You will think of your wife while you are gone?" she whispered, huskily.

He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar; but he spoke reassuringly:

"I will bear it in mind, my dear."

"You will think of me as mourning your absence and anxiously awaiting your return?" she murmured.

"You can trust me to attend to it," he replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for six barrels of mackerel.

"And you'll be very careful of yourself for my sake?" she suggested, in a broken voice.

"I will see it attended to, my dear, but it is almost time for the train," and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.

"John, John!" she convulsively cried, "don't forget me, don't forget me!"

"Maria," he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, "I have made a memorandum to that effect."

And then she let him go—still tearful, but confident "it would be attended to."

HAD SHE "GOT GRIT?"—It was midnight. The young man had farewelled himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was undying her shoes when her mother came down stairs with a bed quilt around her and said:

"Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think I knew it was an hour after midnight, did you?"

The girl had no reply, and the mother continued:

"Did he propose this time?"

"Why—mother!" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can 'why mother!' all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal courting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off, and the mother stood in the stair door and asked:

"Emeline, have you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that a feller with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sunflower seeds."

Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ENGLISH traveller arrived at one of those comfortable inns in the north of Scotland, and told the landlord he felt unwell, at which the latter expressed his regret. "What medical officer," said he, "have you here?" "Medical officer, did ye say, sir?" "I wish to see a physician." "Whatten kind o' man is he?" "Confound it! I want some medicine." "Weel, sir, we've only twa medicines in this part o' the country—tar for the outside o' the sheep, and whiskey for the inside o' ourselves."

WANTED PROOF.—An English gentleman was strolling out with a cockney—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a meadow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass, it wasn't wheat, it wasn't barley, oats, peas. "Vy, vatever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That, why hay to be sure," was the reply. "Hay!" exclaimed he, "come, that's cuttling it a little too thick. If that's hay just show me the hay-corns—come now."

THE EFFECT OF SMOKING.—"Mary," said an old Cumberland father to his daughter, when she once asked him to buy her a new dress, "why dost thou always tease me about such things when I am quietly smoking my pipe?" "Because ye are always best tempered then, feyther," was the reply. "I believe, lass, thou'rt reet," said the farmer; "for when I was a lad, I remember my poor feyther was the same; after he had smoked a pipe or twee, he had gi'en his head away if it had been loose!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A tramp, after the daughter of a New London gentleman, had given him some food the other day asked her for some money, adding that the gift of a little money would save him "from something awful." This was a clincher which induced the young lady to furnish him with a little legal tender. Then she asked him what the awful thing was from which her liberality had saved him. He replied: "From hunting up work!"

"WILL it please the gentleman to buy this canary?" said a Highland boy, newly imported into Glasgow, but as sharp as the North wind, while attempting some time ago to sell a canary to an English gentleman. "Is it a he one?" "Ou, sir," hesitatingly replied young Donald, who was at a loss to know which of the sexes the gentleman would prefer: "Ou, sir; she's a kind of a he, and she's no very he either."

AS AN illustration of how busy every one is now in Washington, Miss Grundy tells of a lady who recently went into of the largest dry goods emporiums and asked for gloves. "I want," she said, "a pair of white kids and a pair of black kids, and I want them quick. I am going to a wedding at 12, a funeral at 3, and a reception to-night."

"WHAT will you have?" asked a waiter of one of the Indiana editors, at the dinner in Philadelphia, as he handed him a bill of fare. And the Hoosier with the high forehead leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead thoughtfully with a napkin, and ejaculated sternly; "Gimme all!"

A MISS of 10 or 11 years, on her way to school, was heard saying to herself: "A noun is the name of any person, place, or thing, and if any of the gir